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## A TALE OF A TELEGRAM.

### PART V.

It was now July, in which month we usually left Paris, but I felt unwilling to ask Mr. Lydyard to make any arrangement for our doing so this year. The accounts from London had become more alarming, and George Hanton's name had appeared among the severely wounded in the trenches before Sebastopol. I saw that our dear friend, though she never said anything on the subject, dreaded a removal from Paris, so I wrote to Mr. Lydyard, that the girls were in such perfect health and our carriage excursions so frequent, that I did not think any necessity existed for our going to the country. I added that no opinion had been given or wish expressed, but I thought I saw a reluctance to move, on the part of her whose feelings were of the most importance. He acquiesced at once, and so the summer wore away. She faded very gradually, and as she faded, deeper and deeper sank her soul into the peace of God. The only time I ever heard her pronounce Mr. Lydyard's name, was on the evening of the day she had returned for the first time to the library and to her accustomed seat. The girls were walking in the garden, their arms intertwined, and talking eagerly. When they remained at one side of the garden she could see them from her seat, averted as it was from the window; but when they crossed to the other side, they were hidden from her, and she seemed restless when this had happened once or twice. At length she rose and called Maud, who ran towards her. "Don't walk on that side, dearest, don't go out of my sight." "Not for a moment," said Maud. She resealed herself. Her eyes were raised in the usual way, to which I was now quite accustomed—soon she called me, "Grace, are you writing to London?"

"Yes, but I can leave my letter, if you want me." "No, dear, come here a moment, though." I came quickly, and as I reached her chair, she took my hand.

"Promise me, Grace, that you will say nothing to—alarm—Ralph, about my health—and that you will not summon him home, except at my express request."

I hesitated, the beautiful face grew more earnest, more pleading. "Believe me, it is far better, for the present and the future, as I would have it." "I promise then." She raised my hand, and laid her cheek upon it for a moment, released it, and lay back in her chair with closed eyes. I kept my word; I too felt that it was better. Even yet, she changed wonderfully in the evenings, her beauty became renovated, her whole being revived. When I heard the children's delighted comments on her health and spirits; I never spoke to them of the mornings of exhaustion, and almost stupor; never pointed out to them, that the beautiful hands were often idle now, and the melodious voice stifled by that short incessant cough, which had a meaning to me, that life had not yet revealed to them. They were to learn it before very long. The physician, who came frequently, but, by her wish, at hours when he was secure from their observation, left her room one day with a graver face than usual, and when he was alone with me he said, "She is so different from most consumptive patients, Miss Armytage, in her perfect consciousness of her own state, that I apprehend the termination will come sooner than in another case with such symptoms."

"Then there is no hope?"

"None of ultimate recovery, little of a lengthened illness. Have you communicated with her relatives?"

I inclined my head silently.

She was dying then—had I not known it long before? I had; but the corroboration of the fear of the conviction lurking in the depths of my heart struck me as an entirely new calamity might have done—she was dying of consumption!

Poets and romance-writers have flung a false interest and beauty over this disease, which have disguised, if not its terrors, at least its hideousness. What numberless images have they drawn of its gradual march towards the darkness of death? The fading of flowers, the dying cadence of music, the soft lapse of an autumn evening into the depths of night! How sound these poetic fancies in *your* ears, how mock they the jarring nerve of memory, quivering in *your* hearts, who have watched the piecemeal crumbling of the temple of clay, in which the light of life was waning to extinction? What is their sound in your ears, who know how the awful iteration of the lesson of Holy Writ, "Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return," is borne to your heart, by every hour, during which the destruction of God's handiwork is done before your eyes? Remember anew, if ever you have been blessed with the power to forget, how day by day the form, so admired, so loved, the form it was a delight to touch, a luxury to look upon, ceased to be familiar in its old shape, and neared the skeleton;—how hour by hour, the earthiness grew and increased, and set its seal and scent upon the flesh, the hair, the hands, the breath, the lips, the teeth, until all were but ghastly phantoms of the beauty wherein your soul had been glad. Remember the awful contrast between this earthiness, and the unearthly eyes, remember how they sank and sank, like lamps carried backwards into a cavern, from the light of day; remember how purposeless was their glitter, how hour by hour, they ceased to

interpret the need, the thought, the wish, which once would have spoken from them; and required no voice. Remember how they never moistened, how they wandered, when opening from the sleep that did not refresh; recall them when, while the bright glare was still within them, it shed no light upon the outer world, but shone out of blindness, and then tell the poets and romancers, if they would write *truth*, they must see consumption, and not imagine it. Tell them to sit throughout the long watches of the night, when the light is subdued, and all the furniture of the room throws grotesque and monstrous shadows on the walls, by the bed which no care can keep smooth; bid them see the haggard face, the clammy eyelids, the chapped lips, with their brownish blood-marked crust, indented by the sharp, brittle teeth; the tumbled hair, wet with sluggish damps; the mark on the pillow, where the sharpened head, so awfully like a skull, has lain as the hours wear on, at a thousand different angles, but all of unrest; bid them watch the head drop further, further yet, (while they dare not disturb the fitful sleep,) until it hangs over the edge of the pillow, with the light touching its outline with pale, gray lines, until the cough comes, and its attendant rattle, and struggle, and strangulation. Tell them to raise that fainting head, and feel its tremulousness, to wipe the cold sweat from the ghastly face; to listen to the palpitation of every startled pulse; to the incoherent murmur, gradually dying into troublous sleep again. Tell them to moisten the lips with water which cannot cool, with wine which cannot refresh; to touch the brow and hands with perfume, which dies before the taint; and to exhaust their ingenuity with vain endeavours to place any limb in a position which is not one of suffering, or to touch the dissolving flesh, and not give it pain. Tell them to change and smooth the pillows twenty times in an hour, to shift the weariness from the shoulders, where the bone cuts the hand trying to ease the weight, without throwing it upon the limbs, unable to bear their own heaviness. Tell them they shall hear no coherent words, but "Is morning near?" "What hour is it?" and bid them give soothing and patient answers. Tell them to do all these things, not once, but a thousand times, and a thousand times to those, and then, if they have language to chronicle such hours, bid them describe consumption.

I cannot help saying this, though it is a digression, because even in the first moment of the conviction that it must come, it almost angered me, that ever any one who had power to sway the minds of men, could so falsify the calamity we had to bear.

I sat where the physician had left me. I reasoned with myself that it was no truer now than it had been yesterday, but I had received confirmation strong of all I dreaded. Then arose the consciousness that time was flying—I was losing minutes—now they had the value and significance of years. Then a dreary vacuity came into my mind, and I felt nothing but the monotonous pressure of the fiat, against which there was no appeal. I heard Mand and Marguerite moving about her room. I had no strength of will or limb to seek them, and be calm. For the time the effort was quite beyond my strength. As my mind grew clearer, I recognised that

there were two points upon which it was necessary to come to a decision; one, whether I should speak to her plainly and tell her the truth; the other, whether I should break the awful verity to Maud and Marguerite. I felt very little doubt that she knew all I could tell her, except, perhaps, that she might not be conscious that her end was so near. Ultimately I decided that I would tell her the truth, and consult her wishes upon the other point.

It was late in the afternoon when Maud found me in the library; she came in with a pillow and a shawl in her arms. I said, "Is she coming in?" "Yes," said Maud, in rather a surprised tone, "why? do you think she is worse?" There was a quick alarm in her voice and in her face, which revealed to me that fear had knocked, though less forcibly, at her heart also. We had no time for more; she came in, Marguerite with her; her tall, slight form as carefully attired as usual in her invariable dress. I had been sitting in the chair she had adopted, and she glanced towards it. It was not in its usual position. I placed it so immediately, and was rewarded by a look, which can never die out of the heart it penetrated. We arranged her cushions and footstool, drew a shawl loosely round her, and in compliance with her wishes, commenced our usual avocations. She listened with her customary attention to the girls, while they read alternately in Italian; she made her ordinary, graceful, keen, cultivated, tasteful criticisms, she inspected Maud's pencil drawing, and sat by her easel. Late in the afternoon, when Marguerite was reading English, she looked up from her book to make a remark to me, and glancing at Mrs. Ross, said, "I think she is asleep." She had fallen into one of those heavy slumbers, which give oblivion, but not physical refreshment. We laid another shawl over her, and sat in profound silence. I gazed at the beautiful face, to note the change more closely than I had yet an opportunity of doing. How beautiful that face was, I have no words to tell, for its loveliness was of that country, whose speech is not yet ours. The beauty which was earthly in it was nearly gone now, I saw that the demolition was gaining in rapidity. The hands were lying supinely in her lap, they were beautiful still, though attenuated, and through them and over her lips, passed frequently that tremulous quiver, which I knew so well. The deep, short breathing, the labouring chest, the dropped under lip, the wet brow and dilated nostril, all were there—the sign and seal. When we had watched for some time, and pale dread had deepened in Maud's face, she softly left the room. After a while she came back to say that dinner was served, but she had prevented its announcement lest the sleeper might have been disturbed. "Go to dinner," she said, "with Marguerite, I will remain here."

There was something in the girl's manner quite new—a steady decision and resolution. I could not help looking curiously at her, while I obeyed her without speaking. She was a woman now, in suffering she had gained strength. Our meal passed almost in silence. I saw the question on Marguerite's lips, which she dared not speak, and which I equally dared not answer. When we returned to the library Mrs. Ross was awake, and was leaning forward in her chair, her hands folded over the dark ringlets,



which hid Maud's face as it lay in her lap—her eyes were lustrous, her cheeks were streaked with crimson; she spoke low and rapidly in Italian to the poor girl, who half kneeled, half lay beside her. I saw this scene from the door, knew that my intention had been forestalled, and caught Marguerite back from the door. She stood beside me in the corridor, in terrified silence for a few minutes, then loosing my grasp upon her hand, she rushed into the room, I saw her throw her arms round Mrs. Ross, while she called on Maud in an agony to look up. I could bear no more, I had endured that day all my strength was capable of. I staggered to my own room, and lying down on my bed, cried my heart out in helpless and hopeless misery.

A light step in my room, and Maud's face bending over me, while she held a small lamp back, shading the light from me. "Are you asleep, Grace?"

"No, my darling."

"Will you go to her, she wants you, we have left her for to-night." Her voice was scarcely articulate, but strangely firm, her tear-marked face, deadly white, but firm, too, almost stern; she clenched her teeth, when the words had been uttered, as if to keep down groans of bodily pain. I rose instantly.

"Where is Marguerite?"

"In our room, don't mind us, I will take care of her; don't be afraid for me, I can bear it." Her brows were knitted into a frown of endurance, and she trod quite steadily. I saw her pass into her room, and went at once to the library. Mrs. Ross was in her accustomed seat; she stretched out her hands to me, as I hastened to her, and said: "It is over, Grace, they know it now; my only dread, my only grief, has passed away. Grace, I fear, there is much weakness left; I dreaded that they might be more easily reconciled. Is that very wicked?" "No, dear friend."

"They will never forget me, Grace, when they shall have forgotten their grief, they will remember me." She spoke excitedly, exultingly, the colour deepened in her lips, and glared upon her cheeks, the tearless eyes shone like sudden gas jets. She sat upright, she clutched my hand with an almost painful grasp. The tones of her voice rose, but her language assumed a rhythmical melody, peculiar to her when speaking in her own tongue. "They said they could not bear it at first, but they soon changed when I spoke to them of the long trial of my life, and told them, how the time I have been here has fitted me for heaven, and for our meeting there. Then, Grace, Maud said, 'she believed God had taken their mother, that they might think more of heaven, for that no motherless girls could find all their happiness on earth, and now because they had never been able to feel motherless since He had sent me to them, I, too, must go away, to keep Him still more in their remembrance.' And Marguerite said, that 'she had always known her mother must have seen their love for me, and been glad.' They were quieter when they left me. I said, we must be calm and happy while God yet bids me stay; a little, little while only, I know well, but we need not tell them that. And Maud said:

'Trust us, we will try to bear it well, though it is hard.'" The excitement of her voice and manner alarmed me, artificial strength inspired her, she seemed on wings. A pang of such exceeding keenness seized upon me, I could not help crying out, "And I, am I, too, not to grieve?" Her manner changed, softened, subsided into a sweet solemn calm. She released my hands, and leaned back looking at me. "Surely you are, Grace; if in that great heart of yours, there be any alloy of self! I invoke upon you, Grace Armytage, the blessing of the God of mercy; I bequeath to you the eternal remembrance of the gratitude of a sinner, turned by God's grace, through your charity, from the everlasting darkness, and I charge you to keep my treasure, as you have kept it, until that day when I shall hear these words spoken unto you: 'Inasmuch as you have done it unto these little ones, you have done it unto Me.'" There was an awful grandeur in her voice, a lustrous glory in her eyes, which kept me silent. My tears were restrained in their cells. When she had ceased speaking, she slowly rose, and stood by her chair with her hand upon it, just as I remembered, even in that moment, that I had seen *him* stand, on one momentous day in my life;—gazed thoughtfully, fondly round, on every object within her sight, and then passed her hand through my arm, and slowly left the room with me.

It was now the tenth day after the events I have recorded, and she had grown rapidly worse. Mr. Lydyard had been in the house some hours. We had received a letter announcing the death of General Hauton, which had made me decide upon waiting to communicate with Mr. Lydyard, until after the funeral should have taken place. I knew he could not consistently leave London before that time, and when it had expired, I wrote to him, but cautiously. I had not forgotten my promise, but I knew that now it would never be claimed. He had arrived as soon as possible after the receipt of my letter; I had met him, and told him all the truth. Also, that I dared not let him see her at present, the physicians having warned me, that any departure from absolute quiet might be instantly fatal to her. He listened in silence, and replied: "You are right, Grace." That was all; a strong man always, of a great heart, he suffered and was very still. I arranged with him that he should remain in the dressing-room, which adjoined the chamber of death, after the girls should have left it for the night, so that I might call him if requisite. When I left him I sent the girls to him, they remained a short time, and returned, much agitated. "Papa feels so much for us," said Maud; "oh, Grace, if he knew her as we do; he would feel with us. (Ah, Maud, my darling, in this world you will never, never know whence sprung the intuitive increase of sympathy, which in the future made the tie between you and her, the strongest and the sweetest I ever witnessed)." Her grief and Marguerite's were past telling, but they had not forgotten their promise to her, and never swerved from its performance. Always with her, useful, self-possessed, silent, obedient to instructions; they were truly heroic in that dreadful time.

"The folding of the hands, the burthen of life is for the future, Grace," said Maud, and she never loosened the rein with which she held down emo-

tion, while her doing so might have impeded her usefulness. As I have said, ten days had elapsed, and I knew the end was very, very near. The dreadful lingering was spared her. What terrific suffering those ten days and nights witnessed, God knows, we who watched her can only guess. What anguish, like the compression of all the grief ordinarily allotted to as many years, they brought to us, those who have meted out time by the measure of such hours, alone can tell. With very few and short intervals, during which a kind of vacant, merely muscular smile, seemed to bespeak the occasional wandering of the mind, she had been perfectly sensible all this time. She was forbidden to attempt to speak, and, beyond murmuring our names now and then, had not infringed the prohibition. Her patience was supreme, no complaint ever escaped her; the low, unconscious moan alone told of the perpetual presence of pain.

Maud and Marguerite had left her reluctantly, very late in the night, and I had made the appointed signal. A slight sound in the adjoining room told me that Mr. Lydyard was there. The morning had come, a soft, mournful, beautiful autumnal morning. The golden streaks were in the sky, utter stillness was on the garden, the leaden fountain looked gray and solemn, some fallen leaves lay upon the unswept grass. Within the room the angel of death was brooding, his broad, dusky wings sweeping nearer and nearer. She had been very calm for some time, the weary head lay still, the twitching fingers were relaxed and quiet, the cough and the low involuntary moan had ceased.

I was sitting by her bed when the morning light glowed softly on the window-panes. I remember a fancy occurring to me, to count the golden gleams. I remember these words, from the book of the Revelation, passing through my mind, "They shall not need any candle, neither the light of the sun, for the Lord God shall be the light thereof," when she said, "Grace." I turned, she was looking at me with wide, bright eyes. The face out of which they looked was dreadful, but the might that can overcome Death's empire in our poor human frame, triumphed over the ghastliness of feature, and arrested my heart-throbs by its potent force. The hand stretched out, the figure half raised, had something like a shadowy trace of vigour in them. I bent over her. "What is it, dearest?" "Raise me up." I piled the pillows up, holding her on my arm, until I had placed them, so that they could support the sinking weight yet a little longer. An ashen hue was creeping over her lips even then. When I had laid her down against the heap of pillows, she said: "Call Ralph, I know he is here." He was, indeed; I found him standing by the half-open door, his features set in all the rigidity of a strong man's grief. I touched his arm, and whispered: "The time is come—she calls you."

He crossed the room to her bedside; he sank upon his knees beside it, with a groan like that which he had uttered in my hearing, six years before.

The shaking hand signed to me. I drew near; "Hold me up, Grace."

With incredible difficulty I lifted her; it was as if a leaden weight were dragging her downwards from my hold. My arms were strained to the utmost I could bear; but I did hold her up. She placed both the skeleton

hands upon his whitening head. A shudder of indescribable agony passed through his frame, as though it would have fallen to pieces where he knelt.

"Have I not kept my word, Ralph?"

"Too well, Sara." What a voice was that! mighty, human anguish wrestling sound from feeble human organs.

Her head drooped forward from its stay upon my arm. I bent after it, I strove against terror, grief, weakness. I succeeded yet an instant in holding her up. Then she spoke:

"Blessed—are—the—merciful—for—they—shall—obtain—mercy!"

I raised the head from the folded hands, I laid it back upon the pillows. She was with the God of mercy!

### A MODEL WOMAN.

"THAT is my model woman!" we once heard a friend say, with striking emphasis. "Who?" we inquired eagerly:—"Madame Swetchine, do you mean?" and remembering that this lady was not many years ago, the centre of a very distinguished Parisian circle, and exercised extraordinary influence over minds of the highest order, themselves leaders of opinion, it struck us that one of her famous contemporaries had somewhere said, that when the Lord desires anything great to be done he puts it into the heart of a Frenchman to do it; and we said to ourselves: Here then is another example! Our model woman, must be sought, it would appear, with various types of surpassing excellence in the bosom of that other family of Celts! Proceeding to read attentively the life \* of the lady so honourably referred to, we soon became exceedingly interested, and shared to the full, our friend's enthusiastic opinion. Will our readers say we are right, as they kindly follow the much abridged account we are about to give of Madame Swetchine's remarkable career? We shall presently see. In one particular, however, we had been mistaken. The subject of our notice was not a native of France, she was a Russian by birth.

Madame Swetchine was born in Moscow, in the year 1782. Her father, M. Soymonof, descended from an ancient Muscovite family, held a high position in the administration of the empire, and her mother belonged to a race equally distinguished in literature and in arms. The redoubtable Catherine II. reigned over all the Russias, and Prince Potemkin ruled the Empress and the Empire, when little Sophie Soymonof saw the light in the national capital of that vast dominion. Yet in spite of her infatuation for the favourite of the hour, the Czarina was wise enough to appreciate the faithful service and excellent qualities of M. Soymonof, and he was soon after summoned to St. Petersburg to occupy a post of great trust, near the person of his sovereign. He was appointed private secretary to Catherine, and allowed apartments in the imperial palace. The duties of his office,

\* *Vie de Madame Swetchine*, par le Cte. de Falloux, Paris, Didier et Co.

and the assiduous care he bestowed on the education of his little daughter, of whom he was exceedingly fond, and with good reason very proud, fully occupied the grave, cultivated, and handsome courtier, during the few following years. Sophie showed great aptitude for languages, excellent taste for music and drawing, and above all, early displayed a steady determination of character, and a highly poetic and imaginative turn of mind. Cultivation was not wanting for the artistic side of her character. Her father's apartments were richly decorated with choice works of art. The court was given up to a continual succession of *jétes*, barbaric and splendid. The fantastic and fairy-like nature of the extravagant displays, which the Empress and Potemkin vied with one another in producing, powerfully impressed the fresh imagination of the child. At seven years of age she composed a ballet, and danced, and sang all the scenes, to the intense delight of her father; and returning home one evening, he found, to his great amazement, the vast gallery leading to the reception rooms, lighted up by his enthusiastic little daughter with innumerable wax-tapers, in commemoration of the taking of the Bastille!

Nothing was neglected in the education of the gifted child, but the one thing necessary:—the knowledge of the divine law, by which man's conduct should be ruled. At fourteen years of age, Sophie was, in the ordinary sense, singularly accomplished; but of religion she knew absolutely nothing but the pompous ceremonials of the imperial Greek chapel; her only guide was the true instinct of her heart, and her safety lay in her extraordinary devotion to her father, and the almost parental care which she lavished on a little sister, ten years her junior. About this time died Catherine II. The eccentricities and disasters of Paul's reign began forthwith. When sixteen years of age, Sophie Soymenof was appointed maid of honour to his sorely-tried wife, the beautiful and truly excellent Empress Marie. In this court she gained valuable experience, learning in the companionship of her sovereign, the secret of hollow prosperity and silent tears. The young maid of honour soon became in society the object of eager and multiplied attentions. Though not beautiful, she was very graceful, sweet, and attractive. Her father knowing not what disasters might fall on their house, owing to the caprice and folly of Paul, was most anxious to secure for his daughter a safe position, and a husband who would ensure her protection whatever might happen. His choice fell on a personal friend of his own, General Swetchine, a distinguished soldier, and a fine-looking estimable man, at that time forty-two years of age. Sophie yielded to her father's wishes, with the affectionate deference she invariably showed him, and was particularly pleased that in marrying the general she could take her little sister to live with her. The good father was not long left to enjoy the happiness he had so much desired; an attack of apoplexy carried him off soon after the marriage of his daughter. Madame Swetchine was quite overpowered by the greatness of her loss. For the first time in her life she truly turned her heart to God. Her first great sorrow dictated her first prayer; and with her father's death a new epoch of the inner life began for her.

At the moment so heavy an affliction fell upon her, and the need of serious religious meditation was most sensibly felt, Madame Swetchine found herself the mistress of a great mansion, in the enjoyment of perfect independence, and surrounded by the unavoidable engagements certain to complicate the daily life of so attractive a member of society. French emigrants of the highest rank had, on the breaking out of the revolution, repaired to St. Petersburg, to meet the warmest welcome, and to partake of the lavish munificence of the eccentric Czar, and share the magnificent hospitality of the princes of the empire. A sumptuous establishment was placed at the service of the Prince de Condé; the Duc de Richelieu, and other noble royalists received confidential posts in the empire; the Princesse de Tarente was named to a place in the household of the empress, while the salons of St. Petersburg, especially those of General Swetchine, were constantly crowded with illustrious foreigners. Meanwhile, the unhappy Paul I. came to an untimely end. The Grand Duke Alexander, carried on the shoulders of the soldiers to the cathedral in the dead of night, was amid the sombre glare of torches proclaimed in his stead. General Swetchine, no longer occupying the responsible military position assigned to him by the late emperor, continued, nevertheless, to reside in the capital; while his wife, in the midst of her social engagements, and the distractions inseparable from her high position, continued the habits of serious study and grave intellectual occupation which she had early acquired. To these her friendship with the famous and estimable Comte de Maistre gave a new and still more valuable direction. The increasing earnestness of her religious convictions, no doubt, received a sensible impetus from the companionship of the solidly orthodox author of the *Soirées de Sainte-Petersbourg*, while at the same time, the light of faith was constantly nourished by the abounding spirit of charity in word and work, which, at this period, as in all other epochs of her life, distinguished this admirable woman.

Madame Swetchine's patriotism was thoroughly aroused by Napoleon's invasion of Russia, and she shared in full the enthusiasm excited in the minds of his subjects by the young Czar's military courage and paternal rule. A society was organised, under the patronage of the Empress Elizabeth, for the relief of the suffering caused by the burning of Moscow, and Madame Swetchine was at once elected president. We must pass over the record of her friendship of many years with Mlle. Roxandre Stourdza, afterwards Contesse Edling, maid of honour to the empress, of which an interesting and touching record survives in many carefully-preserved letters of Madame Swetchine. Neither can we refer to Madame Krudener, who occupied such a remarkable position in the councils of the ardent young emperor about this time, nor pause to describe the edifying death of the Princesse de Tarente just as she was about to return from her long exile. The example of the French emigrants, and her close intercourse with them, powerfully influenced Madame Swetchine, and helped to lead from the errors of the Greek schismatic communion into the bosom of the orthodox Roman Church. The time was now come when she resolved, by a course of profound study, to put an end to her doubts. She retired from



St. Petersburg to a country seat, pleasantly situated on the shore of the Gulf of Finland, taking with her Nadine, her adopted daughter, and a select library of theological works. The Comte de Maistre, who was in the secret, did not approve of this method of seeking truth, which appeared to him to savour too much of intellectual pride, and to suppose an exhausting strain of brain labour. However, as the sequel proved, Madame Swetchine was right in trusting to her instinct; or rather to the grace that led her by this difficult road to conviction. During the short days and the interminable nights of the Russian autumn and winter, a course of the severest study was pursued, earnest prayer was mingled with deep meditation, and the result was the gift of a faith which was never afterwards to be darkened with the faintest shadow of doubt.

Alexander returned to his dominions on the conclusion of the war, after a long absence in France and Germany. The Jesuits, who, since the banishment of the order from other European states, had been protected, and even in a certain measure patronised by preceding sovereigns of Russia, had had much to suffer lately from the prejudices and jealousy of the native clergy and educational bodies; and when the emperor came back, he found the society an object of national suspicion, their motives misinterpreted, and their actions closely scanned. Catholics, in fact, were for the time in more than ordinary disfavour. Under these circumstances, Madame Swetchine thought it due to those who were dear to her to avoid a public declaration of her change of faith, and she thought she would be obliged to maintain for a considerable time this painful sort of mystery. However, no sooner had the emperor, under the pernicious influence of evil councillors, issued an ukase, banishing the Jesuits from his dominions, than Madame Swetchine, whose love of justice revolted against such a proceeding, and whose sense of honour and feelings of sympathy with the much suffering society impelled her to avowed adherence to the persecuted religion, openly declared herself a Catholic. Not long after, when General Swetchine asked permission to visit Europe, the emperor consented, but expressed his regret at their departure to Madame Swetchine, and asked her to write to him during their travels. This was the commencement of a correspondence which lasted till the death of Alexander.

General Swetchine and his estimable wife arrived in Paris in the winter of 1816, she being at that time thirty-four years of age. A warm welcome was accorded to her by many, now in high official position, whom she had known as exiles at an earlier date, and many new, and dear, and lasting friendships were formed with illustrious men and admirable women, to whom she was now for the first time introduced. M. de Maistre, in a letter to the Vicomte de Bonald, said that he would find in her the rarest combination of moral worth, intellectual endowments, great cultivation, and exceeding goodness. The Vicomte de Bonald replied, that his friend was worthy of him; adding: "She has one of the finest minds I have ever met; the effect or cause of a heart as richly endowed with noble qualities as any mortal could possess." During the six months of this her first residence in Paris, Madame Swetchine enjoyed the intimacy of such men as the Baron von

Humbolt, the Comte Pozzo di Borgo, Châteaubriand, Cuvier, Abel Rémusat, and a host of others equally distinguished. The Duchesse de Duras became, from the first, one of her most valued and faithful friends. It was at the house of the latter that she first met Madame de Staël. The duchesse had invited a very select party to dinner, that the acquaintance might be made with ease. Madame Swetchine, however, who was always reserved in manner, was silent nearly all the time of the repast. After dinner, Madame de Staël, advancing to Madame Swetchine, thus addressed her:—"They told me, madame, that you were anxious to make my acquaintance; but, probably, they were quite mistaken!" "Oh, certainly not, madame," was the answer; "but, you know, it is always the sovereign who speaks first."

After an interval passed in Russia arranging their affairs, Madame Swetchine and the general permanently fixed their abode in Paris, in 1818. No doubt, among all the attractions which led this remarkable woman to establish her home in France, the most powerful was the freedom, the dignity, and the charity of the Catholic Church. For the first time she was able to contemplate religion in all the greatness of its works and institutions; for the first time she came in contact with minds penetrated with its spirit, and felt that among them her own was fully understood. The circle of Madame Swetchine's friends and admirers widened to admit all that was distinguished and excellent in Parisian society, and the salon of the Russian traveller became transformed into the most attractive centre of that world of intelligence and worth. A journey through Italy, though undertaken from necessity, was a source of great enjoyment, and an opportunity of still more extended culture to Madame Swetchine. From Rome, especially, her letters are picturesque and interesting. The force and elegance of her style are, indeed, strikingly conspicuous in the notes and letters which illustrate this Italian tour.

Once more in Paris, Madame Swetchine arranged a permanent establishment in the Rue St. Dominique. The apartments she occupied looked out on green plots, gardens, and fine trees. From Russia had been brought some of the choicest works of art collected by her father, and with them she decorated her principal salon and an adjoining room, which had been transformed from a bed-room into a library. She slept in a little iron camp bed, stowed away into a back closet during the day, and brought at night, for the very short interval of repose she enjoyed, into the library or salon. The rooms occupied by the general were spacious, and arranged with every attention to his comfort and convenience. Such was the simple and elegant home that proved so singularly attractive to the most eminent members of the religious, literary, diplomatic, and fashionable worlds. Persons who never met elsewhere grouped themselves instinctively round one in whose inexhaustible goodness each was sure to find sympathy, help, or strength. Madame Swetchine's was, in a remarkable degree, a well balanced nature: at once enthusiastic and sensible, gifted with strong reason and vivid imagination, masculine vigour of intelligence, and truly feminine softness of heart. Self-forgetting to a singular degree, humility was in her a virtue neither studied

nor assumed. Her soul tended in all things to God, but never sought to separate itself from any of the interests of humanity. Intellectual amusements and the elegancies of life she considered a perfectly legitimate enjoyment, a recreation, which, indulged in with due moderation, enlarges and strengthens the faculties. Poetry and art, should not be, in her opinion, sovereign masters of heart, mind, and utterance; but should be, when proved worthy, servants of Divine Providence, and agents of God's designs, in a secondary order, on the universe. During a course of fifty years, not a single book of importance had been published in any of the principal languages of Europe that she did not, pen in hand, thoroughly study and carefully annotate.

Over others the personal influence she exercised was truly wonderful. Rarely did she give what is called advice—a direct and absolute solution of any given case. She was too humble to do so. She never delivered a harangue, or set herself up as a model, or undertook to regulate any one or any thing. She never said: "You should go this way or that way;" but gently whispered: "Let us travel this road together;" and so it often turned out that she guided those she seemed to follow. It was not easy to see how she obtained such extraordinary influence over such a variety of characters and temperaments. In conversation she was not particularly brilliant, and only in rare instances did she come forth in a way to charm and astonish. People loved and admired her instinctively, as it were, before they were able to tell what it was that so attracted and subdued them. Madame Swetchine's house was carefully and nicely kept, without extravagance or pretension of any sort. A grand dinner party or a regular soirée was never heard of. Some chosen friends occasionally encircled a small round table, happy in each others' company and in hers. The repast was invariably served with taste and elegance; and the hostess herself looked after every detail with scrupulous attention. Her salon, which was open both in the afternoon and in the evening, was almost invariably ornamented with some plant in flower, or with some work of art lent by a friend, or exhibited by an artist. In the evening the salon shone with lamps and wax lights, and an air of splendour prevailed around. But it was easy to perceive that she who possessed these advantages was far from being possessed by them. The interior life belonged truly to God.

Madame Swetchine's salon was neither a political, a literary, nor an artistic salon. Without the least ostentation or even premeditation, it had become what might be called a *foyer* of Christianity. The spirit of Catholicity abode there quite naturally, as it were. Humility could not conceal from her the wonderful extent of her influence, and the corresponding amount of her responsibility. She knew it was her duty, as far as in her lay, to draw nearer to God all who drew near to her; and the singular beauty of her character, as well as the great intellectual gifts with which she was endowed, enabled her to do so. Astonishing was her patience, extraordinary, too, the gentle sway she exercised over other women. No order of mind was so high that she could fail to reach it through intelligence

and sympathy; none so weak or narrow that she could not support and expand it. The greatest intellects of the day consulted with her about affairs of the gravest importance, and young women of fashion stopped on the way to some brilliant assembly, that she might admire or criticise the elegance and splendour of their toilette. Natural quickness had been so aided by large experience that her knowledge of character amounted to something like divination. A word, a look, an unconscious gesture, were enough for her; and she was, withal, as charitable and just as she was accurate in her judgments.

Three great divisions marked the course of Madame Swetchine's daily existence. The morning was reserved exclusively for herself; but then her morning began before daylight. By eight o'clock she had heard mass and paid her charitable visits to the poor. She then returned to the house, and was not "at home" till three o'clock. From three to six her salon was open. Then it closed till nine, at which hour the evening began, and lasted generally till midnight. The habitués of the afternoon salon and of the evening were generally distinct. The union of a perfect spiritual life with a fully occupied and varied outward existence was never more beautifully displayed than in Madame Swetchine. In the midst of a brilliant, intellectual group, and while the centre of a distinguished social circle, the regularity, it might almost be said the austerity, of her religious practices could hardly be surmised, even by those who were intimately acquainted with her. Few could believe how much time was found for prayer and works of active charity. She was an exemplary frequenter of the parish church, seldom failed to hear an early mass before its altars, but very frequently enjoyed the privilege of hearing another mass, offered in her private chapel by one of her devoted friends; the Père de Ravignan, for example, the Abbé Dupanloup, Père Lacordaire, Père Gratry, the Abbé Baintain, and others. Not unfrequently such masters of eloquence as these would address the little congregation; sometimes the young people who had grown up under her own eye would receive the nuptial benediction in that privileged sanctuary; and many a time error was abjured, and souls reconciled to the Faith in the solemn retirement of that little chapel.

Among those most sincerely and touchingly attached to this admirable woman were the young aristocrat, the Comte de Montalembert, and the great son of St. Dominick, the Père Lacordaire. \* It was at the time that the evil genius of M. de Lamennais had well nigh obtained disastrous influence over these ardent, enthusiastic minds, that Madame Swetchine's beneficent influence was powerfully and successfully exerted to keep them in the only right and safe path. Her correspondence with these men of noble heart and brilliant genius is of a deeply interesting nature. How well qualified she was to guide and sustain such minds in seasons of doubt

\* The foreign papers announce the immediate appearance of a volume that must be one of singular interest: *La Correspondance du Rev. Père Lacordaire et de Madame Swetchine*; publié par M. de Falloux.

and trouble can be inferred from Lacordaire's own words : " I never," said he, " met any one in whom such breadth and boldness of thought was allied to such firm faith." Père de Ravignan was not brought by circumstances into such intimate connexion with Madame Swetchine as his above mentioned distinguished contemporaries ; he entertained for her, nevertheless, the highest regard and esteem. " They say you feel timid with me," he once wrote to her ; " can that be possible and true ! I should be so happy if you would only be my teacher and my guide, to lecture me and scold me, and pray for me also !"

General Swetchine died in 1850, at the advanced age of ninety-two years. The blow was a heavy one to the wife who had been the object throughout of his warm affection and tender veneration. On her death-bed she said she had never ceased to regret him. Seven years later, she was herself called to her eternal home. For a long series of years she had suffered acutely from ill health, borne with uncomplainingness truly heroic. The months preceding her death were afflicting in the extreme. Yet in the very worst days, her profound mind and brilliant intellect retained their remarkable power ; while her noble heart was to the last gasp alive to the interests and concerns of the many who were dear to her. Never was her fervent, solid piety more beautifully manifested than in those trying days and weary nights of suffering. The friends who used to delight in assembling in her brilliantly-lighted salon, came with a tender and constant affection to minister round her sick bed. Very touchingly the history of the concluding days is given in a letter from her biographer, the Comte de Falloux to the Comte de Montalembert. Both these gifted men were, indeed, at all times in love and reverence, like dutiful sons at the knees of their mother. " I know you do not mean to deceive me," she said to those who wished to reassure her, when her mind at the close began to wander, " you only want to spare me and manage me a little ; but I want no management except the truth. Yes," she continued, the old energy returning, " truth is the great thing. I would rather have truth, and a poor bed in a hospital, than all the grandeur of the world without it !" She expired early in the morning, without pain or struggle. Her last words were : " It will soon be the hour for mass, I must get up."

The foregoing is a meagre outline of a most interesting and edifying life and character. While reading M. de Falloux's charming biography, one cannot but feel thankful that people have had the grace to lead and to write such a life. The consideration of so noble and beautiful a character as Madame Swetchine's may well make the men of this generation exclaim, as did those of St. Chrysostom's age : " What wonderful women have the Christians !"

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## WHO WILL SHEW US ANY GOOD?

BEAUTIFUL Ireland! Who will preach to thee?  
 Souls are waiting for lips to vow;  
 And outstretched hands that fain would reach to thee,  
 Yearn to help, if they knew but how,  
 To lift the thorn-wreath off thy brow.

Passionate dreamers have fought and died for thee,  
 Poets poured forth their lava song;  
 But dreamer and poet have failed as a guide for thee—  
 Still are unripened the chains of wrong.

Suffering Ireland! Martyr nation!  
 Blinded with tears thick as mountain mist;  
 Who of all the new generation  
 Will change them to glory, as hills when kissed  
 By the sun flash opal and amethyst?

Welcome a hero! A man who can lead for us,  
 Sifting true men from the chaff and weeds;  
 Daring and doing like those who, indeed, for us  
 Proved their zeal by their life and deeds.

Desolate Ireland! Saddest of mothers,  
 Waits and weeps in her island home;  
 But the Western Land—has she freedom for others,  
 Who feeds her eagles on blood of brothers?  
 Not with cannon or roll of drum,  
 Or *her* red flag can our triumph come.

Why seek aid from the arm of a stranger?  
 Trust thy sons, O mother! for good;  
 Braver none in the hour of danger  
 To force the claim of thy rights withstood.

Ireland! wake from thy vain despairing!  
 Grand the uses of life may be;  
 Heights are reached by heroic daring,  
 Crowns are won by the brave and free,  
 And Nations create their own destiny.

But, time and the hour fleet fast unbidden,  
 A turbid stream over golden sands;  
 And too often the gold is scattered or hidden,  
 Vainly we seek it with outstretched hands.



Then seize the least grain as it glistens and passes,  
Swift and sure is that river's flight—  
Morning's glory the bright wave glasses,  
But gold and glory soon fade from sight,  
And splendors of noon will darken to night.

Life is too brief for languor or quarrel,  
Second by second the dead drop down ;  
And souls, all eager to strive for the laurel,  
Faint and fall ere they win the crown.

Ireland rests mid the rush of progression,  
Like a frozen ship in a frozen sea ;  
And the changeless stillness of life's stagnation  
Is worse than the wildest waves could be,  
Rending the rocks eternally.

Trumpet-tongued, to a people sleeping,  
Who will speak with magic command ;  
Bidding them rise—these dead men, keeping  
Watch by the dead in a silent land ?

Grandly, solemnly, earnestly preaching  
Man's great gospel of freedom and light ;  
With lips like saints' in their love beseeching,  
And hand as strong as a prophet's to smite  
For Truth and Humanity's chartered right.

Earth is thrilling with new aspirations,  
Rending the fetters that bar and ban ;  
But we alone of the Christian nations  
Fall to the rear in the march of man.

Alas ! can I help ? but a nameless singer—  
Weak the words of a woman to save ;  
We wait the advent of some light-bringer,  
Strong to roll the stone from the grave,  
And summon to life the death-bound slave.

Down from heights of the Infinite drifting,  
To raise the prisoned soul from its gloom ;  
Like white angels of God, uplifting  
Seal and stone from the Saviour's tomb.

Yet, hear me now, for a Nation pleading ;  
Strike ! but with weapons yet keener than steel ;

Flash on the path the New Age is treading,  
As sparks from the groove of the iron wheel,  
In star-flames its motion and march reveal.

Work by the shore where our broad ocean rages,  
Bridging it over by wraiths of steam;  
Linking two worlds by a chain, that sages  
Forged in the heat of a science dream.

For Nature has stamped us with brand immortal,  
The highway of nations our Land must be;  
We hold the keys of the Old-World portal,  
We guard the pass of the Western Sea—  
Ireland, sole in her majesty!

Work! there is work for the thinker and doer,  
And glory for all when the goal is won;  
So we are true to our Country, or truer  
Than planets that roll round a central sun.

Call from the hills our own Irish eagle,  
Spread its broad plumes on "The Green" of old;  
With a sun-rise blaze, as a mantle regal,  
Turning the dusk-brown wings to gold—  
Symbol and flag be it then unrolled!

Face the sun with as proud a daring,  
Tread the heights with a step as grand,  
Breast the storm with brave hearts unfearing,  
As kings might do for their rightful land.

Irish daring by land and river,  
Irish wealth from mountain and mine,  
Irish courage strong to deliver,  
Irish love as strong to combine  
Separate chords in one strain divine;

These are the forces of conquering power,  
Chains to rend from mountain to sea;  
Speak and save—O Men of the hour!  
The Freedman is he whom the Truth makes free.

SPERANZA.

## THE ROMANCE OF LIFE—OLD PRISONS.

BY FRANK THORPE PORTER, ESQ., A.M.

## CHAPTER II.

In less than two months from this time, an exchange of prisoners was effected; Captain Vesey and the count parted with mutual regret and reciprocal assurances of the strongest friendship. A few minutes before they separated, the count mentioned to him, that to disabuse Vaughan of any idea that he entertained a bad opinion of him, he had procured for him the grade of sergeant. As the captain was stepping into the vehicle, to leave Lille, a female handed him a small parcel, on opening it he found the watch, chain, and appendages, of which he had been despoiled at Castlenook.

The military operations of the English were, for some time, extensive and diversified, and during eleven years Vesey did not revisit Ireland. He had been in India, in America, and finally became a prisoner to the French, in 1756, when the Duc de Richlieu captured Minorca. There Colonel Vesey met again with the Count de St. Woostan. Their friendship was renewed, and Vesey obtained permission, upon parole, to visit Paris, where the count was proceeding with despatches. He casually enquired for Vaughan, and was informed by the count that soon after their first parting Vaughan's brother, Sylvester, had arrived from Ireland, joined his regiment, and was killed at the battle of Raucoux, where the elder, Martin, was severely wounded, and had consequently become an inmate of the *Hôtel des Invalides*. There Colonel Vesey found the man, whose escape from an ignominious death had often occasioned perplexing conjectures to his prosecutor. The old sergeant evinced great pleasure at the colonel's visit, attended him through the establishment, and having conducted him into one of the arbours, which the veterans of the *Invalides* have, from the very commencement of the institution, cultivated with peculiar care and taste, he offered the colonel a seat under an agreeable shade, where there was no danger of their communications being overheard, and requested him to listen to the narrative of his escape from the "old prison." "I need not now, sir," he added, "ask any condition from you, for the man who arranged the business is dead; no one can now be injured by the disclosure. I have bitterly mourned the disgraceful affair which has banished me from my native country, and led to the loss of my poor brother, whom I persuaded to join in the crime of robbing you. God knows my heart—I would willingly make restitution of your property, but I shall never possess the means. It was a great consolation that I was able to do you a little service after Fontenoy, and I felt a certain happiness when you parted from me at Lille."

"My good friend," said the colonel, "as to the affair at Castleknock, I would wish you never to mention it again. I have, however, a great curiosity to know how you avoided the fate which, to say the truth, I supposed you had undergone.

"We took the money, sir," said Martin, "and placed it in a strong

bag. We hid it neither in house, garden, nor field, but in a deep part of the river Liffey, below the Salmon Leap. There was a stout cord about ten feet in length, from the bag to a heavy weight, so that the cord could be easily caught by a drag. Well, I was convicted and sentenced, and there were four other men condemned at the same time, and we were all to be executed together. One was a forger, and three were housebreakers. We each occupied a separate cell in the condemned yard. The gaoler came in two or three times a day, whilst the cells were open, and I soon remarked that he took very little notice of any of the others, but spoke pretty often to me. On the third day after our sentence I was in my cell, counting my days, and trying to count my hours, making pictures in my despairing mind of the cart and the crowd, and cringing sometimes as if I already felt the slippery noose of the soaped rope closing round the creeping flesh of my neck; thinking of the happy days of my innocent childhood, and feeling some consolation in my misery that my brother had not been condemned; and that my parents were both dead, and spared the shame and sorrow of their son's public execution. This was the wretched state of my mind when the gaoler entered the cell. He closed the door and addressed some kind expressions to me, hoping that I was resigned to the great change that was approaching, and enquiring if he could do anything for my comfort or consolation. In a stout but low tone I replied, that I would rather get rid of the business without being hanged at all. He sat down on the block-stool, and we both remained silent for a few minutes, but there were looks passing between us, we were reading each other's hearts. At last he said, 'Have you the money?'

"'It's safe, every guinea of it,' I replied, 'but useless to me and to every one else, if I am to stay here for the rest of my life. Moreover, I could not give it all, for there would be very little use in going out of the prison, if I had not the means of going farther and going fast; but I have sixteen hundred pounds for a friend, who would be a *real* friend.'

"'Mr. Vesey is gone,' said the gaoler, 'we are tolerably safe from his observation. I am running a great risk, but I will try the chance, I am, I admit, in great want of money. Give me sixteen hundred pounds, and I will allow your brother to pass through my rooms to the top of the prison, and to bring a rope ladder with him, he can descend into the yard, and there he will find a key which will open your cell, this can be done at twelve to-morrow night; and you may be far away before nine in the morning. Your brother will be here by-and-by, you can arrange with him; but there is no time to be lost.'

"'My brother,' I replied, 'shall have nothing to do with the business, except to bring the money. I shall not cross the wall, I must go out by the door, I must be let out, or I stay until I am disposed of along with the rest.'

"'It's impossible,' said the gaoler.

"'It is not impossible,' I replied, 'but very easy, if you can get a little assistance. I must be sick, very sick, fever, gaol fever, is to be my complaint. I must die and be sent out in a coffin.'

"'No,' said he, 'there must be a real corpse; I think it can be managed; but I cannot have more than a thousand pounds for myself, and the remaining six must be divided between two others.'

"We agreed upon the plan, and for several days I was really sick, made so by artificial means—spirits, laudanum, tobacco, and other things were used in various ways. Eight hundred pounds were brought by my brother, and paid to the gaoler in the condemned cell. The other men were removed to another part of the prison. At last *I died*, you understand; and on that night a corpse was conveyed into my cell, by the gaoler himself; it was of my size, and had been procured in the neighbouring burial-ground of "Bully's Acre," but, unlike the generality of such disinterments, it was to go back there again under my name. I was informed that there would be a 'crowner's quest' upon me, but as I had died of putrid spotted fever, of the most infectious kind, it was not likely that the crowner or the jury would view my body, unless at the greatest possible distance. I assisted the gaoler to arrange the supposed corpse of myself, placing the face to the wall, and then I was let out quietly into the street, after having paid the other eight hundred pounds. My brother was waiting, but we soon separated. He thought it would lull all suspicion if he attended the reburial of my substitute; and I set out on foot, taking the road towards Wicklow, and stopping in the morning, to have a little rest and refreshment, at Owen Bray's in Loughlinstown. *About the time of my funeral*, I was passing Coolagad, near Delgany, and was alarmed by seeing the Kilruddery hounds cross the road. There were some riders following them whom I knew, but they were too much engaged in the sport, to think about or even look at me. I proceeded by Wicklow and Arklow to Wexford, and there got a passage to Jersey. From that island I was taken to St. Malo by a smuggler, who supposed that my object was to join the Irish brigade. My life was now safe from the hangman, but I had much trouble and suffering to encounter. I was suspected of being a spy, although I could not speak a word of French; and the possession of a few of your guineas was a great crime in the eyes of those who wished to get them for themselves. At Chartres I met a countryman, who was in Berwick's regiment, and at his instance I enlisted to get rid of the annoyances I was suffering, and to avoid the poverty which I saw approaching, and which was certain to overtake a stranger, whose only resource was military service. I took, on enlisting, the name of Vaughan which was that of my mother's family. I have again to declare my deep sorrow for the wrongful act I committed, and *I hope you will never regret that I was not hanged.*"

Colonel Vesey parted with Martin Keogh, *alias* Vaughan in the kindest manner, and soon after was enabled to proceed to England. His military career terminated by a wound at the capture of Quebec, in 1761, which incapacitated him for further service; he died at Bath, in 1776. The Conut de St. Woostan accompanied the gallant but cruelly calumniated Lally Tollendahl to India, he possessed his confidence, shared in his dangers and subsequent persecutions, but eventually, freed from every imputation, restored to the rank and emoluments of Lieutenant-Colonel, he died at

Amboise, in 1782. His name was Alen, and he belonged to a family which located at St. Woolstans, near Celbridge; occupied high positions in Ireland, previous to the reign of Elizabeth, and from a collateral branch of which the ducal Howards of Norfolk derive the additional name of Fitz-Alen.

Martin Vaughan married in 1758 a *Blanchisseuse de fin*, who had a comfortable dwelling and profitable business in the rue de Bellechasse; his descendants are residing in Paris, but his name disappears from the register of the Invalides in 1769. His escape from Old Kilmainham protracted his existence twenty-six years. It was effected by means which would not be practicable in any prison of the British empire at the present time. Officials have become more respectable, and their integrity is protected from temptation by the intervention of a vigilant superintending authority, unknown at the period to which the foregoing narrative refers. It is also pleasing to remark that the law has become less sanguinary and crime less frequent. In the metropolitan county of Ireland there has not been more than one execution during the last thirty years. In the city of Dublin there has not been one such event for thirty-three.

In the year 1781, a young man, named Lonergan, was employed as a tutor, in the house of a gentleman of the county of Kilkenny. He had been educated by the Rev. Eugene M'Kenna, who kept a school at Raheny, in the county of Dublin; and whilst Lonergan was passing through the undergraduate course of the University of Dublin, he resided with M'Kenna, and acted as his assistant. When he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts, he was induced, either by a wish for more easy duty, or a hope of greater emolument, to become a private tutor. The gentleman by whom he was engaged, and whose name it is unnecessary to mention, laboured under an awful domestic misfortune. He was married to a very wicked woman, and in less than a year after Lonergan had commenced his residence in the house, his employer died, under such circumstances as occasioned the arrest of his widow and of Lonergan, on a charge of murder by poisoning. The prisoners successfully objected, on certain legal grounds, to being tried at the next assizes of Kilkenny, but the consequence of this delay was, that they were, in the ensuing term, brought up to Dublin, and tried *at bar* in the Court of King's Bench. The woman was acquitted, but Lonergan was found guilty. He was sentenced to be hanged and *quartered*, for such was the legal judgment of the period; and the sheriffs of Dublin were directed to have the sentence carried into effect. A very general feeling prevailed that the more guilty culprit had escaped, and the wretched Lonergan was commiserated by many as the dupe and victim of an artful and depraved woman. The Rev. Mr. M'Kenna did not forget his former pupil and assistant. He visited the young man in prison, testified to his character at the trial, and after condemnation was assiduous in preparing the prisoner to meet the impending and speedy doom with resignation and penitence. Lonergan's father was living, but he was in a distant land. He had been written to at an early stage of the proceedings; but in those days, when steamers and railways had not reduced long journeys to brief spaces of time, it was considered unlikely that he would arrive before the fatal day.



M'Kenna had a cousin who resided in Skinner-row (now Christ-church-place), Dublin. With him he was on terms of the closest friendship and confidence. Each frequented the house of the other with the most unreserved intimacy. The cousin was an extensive printer and bookseller. At the period to which this narrative refers he was in the prime of life, tall, vigorous, and active. He was also sergeant in the grenadier company of the Dublin Volunteers. He had known the wretched Lonergan during the peaceful and comparatively innocent days that were spent as a school assistant, pitied the miserable fate of the culprit, and sympathised in the grief and solicitude of the worthy man, whose friendship still sought to console and banish despair from the spirit that was so soon to pass away. On the evening before the execution, M'Kenna remained with the condemned as long as the regulations of the "Old Prison" permitted; he then betook himself to his cousin's house, where he purposed to remain until the earliest hour in the morning at which he could be admitted to the gaol. The conversation of the evening referred almost entirely to the awful scene which the morrow was to present.

"Has his father arrived?" said the cousin.

"No," replied M'Kenna; "I am afraid, however, that he may be here in the morning. I hope, in mercy to them both, that they may never meet on earth. I shall not leave the poor being until the last moment; he asked me, and I promised to be with him to the end."

"I shall be there, also," said the cousin; "I cannot avoid it. There are hardly enough of regular troops in Dublin for the ordinary duties of the garrison, and the sheriff has made a requisition for a guard of the Dublin Volunteers. My company is ordered to attend at Baggotrath; a troop of cavalry is to escort him from Thomas-street."

Accordingly, when the melancholy procession, on the following day, reached Baggotrath—the Tyburn of Dublin—a space around the gallows was occupied by the grenadiers, and but a few minutes appeared likely to elapse before the atonement, sternly demanded by justice, was to be fully made. Lonergan appeared resigned and tranquil. He handed to the sheriff a paper, in which he fully admitted his guilt, and expressed as fervent hope that his fate should prove a salutary warning to others against unhallowed passions and evil advice. He was taking a final leave of his faithful friend, M'Kenna, when a vehicle drove rapidly up, and a man of respectable and venerable appearance, was hastily assisted to alight. It was his father.

It is unnecessary for the purpose of this narrative, and could be no gratification to the reader, to have even an outline presented of the interview between the parent and his son. It was necessarily brief, but of inexpressible agony to both. The sheriff, the guards, even the executioner, were melted into compassion for them, and a feeling of indescribable awe pervaded the spectators, as the young man knelt and implored his father to forgive the disgrace brought upon his name, and the affliction caused to his declining years, and to join him in a supplication for mercy to that Redeemer, who, without sin, had died for sinners, and suffered for

the transgressions of mankind the most excruciating tortures in the presence of his blessed mother.

The interview terminated. The old man was led a short distance from the fatal spot; the knot was adjusted, and the cart was drawn, leaving the guilty, but penitent, criminal suspended. M'Kenna immediately turned his attention to the hapless father of the delinquent, and found him seated on a chair, supplied by some commiserating neighbour, and in an apparent stupor. He spoke not, and no one addressed him. Suddenly he started up, and walked directly to the place where the sheriff stood. All made way for him, and he addressed to the functionary a request for his son's body<sup>1</sup>

The sheriff mused for a moment, looked at the suspended body, and replied, "Yes; he may now be cut down."

There was some difficulty in getting at the rope, so as to cut it with a knife. M'Kenna remarked this to his cousin, the sergeant; the latter, drawing the short, slightly-curved, and very sharp hanger, which was carried by grenadiers as a portion of their equipment, directed the cart to be backed towards the body. Then, springing up on the cart, he struck the rope where it crossed the beam, and severed it at once.

A coffin was brought from a hearse which was in attendance; the sheriff directed the cap to be removed, and approached the body.

"Oh, sir," exclaimed the agonized father, "do not quarter my child, do not disfigure his poor corpse."

"Turn him on his face," said the sheriff; he was obeyed. Then, taking a small penknife, he handed it to the executioner, who made two incisions across each other on the back of the neck. The body was then placed in the coffin, and left to the poor father's care, or, rather to the faithful friend, who directed the hearse to proceed to his house at Raheny, whither he also took the unhappy parent, who had now relapsed into the stupor of helpless misery.

On Wednesday the execution occurred. On Friday the funeral proceeded to Raheny church-yard. The only persons present, except such casual spectators as strolled into the cemetery from motives of idle curiosity, were the father, M'Kenna, and another clergyman; the burial service was read by the latter, and the coffin was deposited in a very deep grave.

M'Kenna had the grave closely watched every night until such a time had elapsed as to render a body totally useless to those who might exhume it for anatomical purposes, but on Saturday a note was received by the cousin in Skinner-row. It was marked, "Private and confidential." He proceeded on that evening to Raheny, and found M'Kenna alone. The old man, who had undergone such an awful bereavement, had left for England by the morning's packet. The cousin was pledged to secrecy and to co-operation in a project of a most extraordinary nature, and finally he was conducted into a small apartment, which had been used as a lumber-room, and there he beheld alive, although greatly debilitated, the man, whom on the preceding Wednesday he had cut down from the gallows.

"Before day-break on Monday morning, he conveyed Lonergan into Skinner-row. There he kept him concealed for a few days, and succeeded in shipping him for Bristol, where he was joined by his father. From Bristol they proceeded, unsuspected and uninterrupted, to Canada. Ultimately, Lonergan settled in the United States, where, under the name of James Fennell, he supported himself and his father by educational pursuits.

M'Kenna attributed the resuscitation of Lonergan to the rope having been unusually short, to his having been swung from the cart, and not let to drop perpendicularly, and especially to the incisions in his neck, from which there was a copious effusion of blood. Lonergan declared that on being suspended, he immediately lost any sensation of a painful nature. His revival was attended with violent and distressing convulsions.

The sergeant of the Dublin Volunteers, who cut down the culprit, died in 1841, at the age of 86. One letter of his name is found amongst the following.

F. T. P.

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## MONUMENTAL ART.

LET saints and sages say what they may in maintenance of the maxim, that "Virtue is its own reward," still will impulsive youth and ardent manhood pursue the path that leads to the Temple of Fame. The love of posthumous renown and of the world's applause, have been, from remote periods of the world's history, powerful incentives to heroic and virtuous deeds.

In former ages, the prince or the warrior was awarded a tributary trophy—modern times, are, to a certain extent, characterised by an appreciation of mental achievements. The patriot who, by noble acts of munificence, increases the happiness of his country, or whose persuasive eloquence in the senate secures its rights, generally receives due homage. The man of science, of art, or of literature, whose well directed genius explores the paths that lead to intellectual regions of knowledge—discovering and developing new properties or powers of nature—utilised for the public good, is also entitled to unfading laurels.

Those eastern countries, where the arts had their origin, were naturally the first in which they were devoted to perpetuate the memory of the good and great; thence, as civilization advanced over western Europe, they were gradually developed in Italy, Germany, France, and England—each nation recording its appreciation of departed worth, or of living genius; our own country, awakened, as it were, from a lethargy of ages, during which its people possessed little more than a struggling existence, now shows hopeful symptoms of a vigorous vitality, released, to a considerable extent, from the desponding pressure of national indigence, it recognises the sacred duty of proving to the world, that it is neither oblivious of its ancient glory, nor insensible to the claims of its patriot sons. Influenced by a deep sense of gratitude towards its benefactors, and actuated by fervid aspirations for

national greatness, a public spirit has been evoked which exhibits a gratifying manifestation of true devotion to a righteous cause; lasting memorials to men of genius—and to men who lived and laboured for the freedom and prosperity of their native land, now bear witness to the existence of feelings, in which nationality and gratitude are happily blended.

The means by which works of monumental art are produced—the design, the material, and the final site, are subjects of profound consideration. Public feeling having an utterance through the press, as the most practical and rapid medium of communication, a sum of money is contributed for the purpose of raising a memorial, it is entrusted to a committee, composed generally of men whose intelligence and patriotic public services entitle them to public confidence—there may be found occasionally, in such a body, a few members, whose position is due less to their intellectual or public claims, than to their ardour in pursuit of personal ambition or distinction; the intrusiveness of such men is often the source of material injury to the cause in which they intermeddle; and the imputed defects of certain monumental works have been attributed to the injurious influence, or obtrusive activity, of such self-constituted judges and dispensers of art-patronage.

With reference generally to the appointment of such committees as undertake the very responsible duty of selecting an artist, and of deciding upon the definite character of the work, it may be observed that, were they chosen or elected by a majority of the subscribers—or at least, of those who pay one pound or upwards to the fund, it would be considered by all parties a more desirable and satisfactory course than that now frequently followed.

Some very interesting and intensely national works of monumental art will shortly be erected in our metropolis, and it is hoped that the utmost circumspection will be used by the parties who may be intrusted with the important duty of superintending their completion; much has already been written and spoken on the subject, especially with reference to the monument of O'Connell—yet few enlarged or general views have been enunciated; although the interests of the arts, the just merits of the parties commemorated, and the intellectual character of our country are, to a degree, involved in the issue.

A monument of O'Connell affords ample scope for developing the highest artistic powers; his general appearance on public occasions, his form and size; his attitude and action, even when excited by the most inspiring political or forensic causes, exhibited an admirable combination of energy and dignity; should his monument consist of a statue and accessories, including historical or allegorical figures, such a design would require a pedestal of suitably extended dimensions, and a site whose area of corresponding extent would afford a favourable view of the whole structure.

Thus, two important considerations present themselves—first, the necessity of gratifying public expectation, by a requisite amount of individuality or personal resemblance; and next, the introduction of such appropriate accessories as would represent the popular leader identified with the feelings and affections of a peculiarly circumstanced people, who regarded him at

once as the oracle of their political faith, and the efficient organ of their reiterated demands for "civil and religious liberty."

And here, let it be observed, that although the artist, who may be selected or commissioned to execute the work, should be allowed full liberty to carry out its artistic and material character, yet, in an æsthetic point of view, it may be very desirable to have suggestive descriptions from those whose experience and memory of events would supply what the artist could not probably know without such information; faithful accounts of the principal scenes in the eventful career of O'Connell's political life, would be of much importance in furnishing subjects for the historic details of the sculptor's work, and as they are so numerous as to present some difficulty in selection—a judiciously-chosen committee could arrange many useful suggestions without embarrassing the artist, who, as a man of sound sense and genius, would bear in mind, "That the talent of judging may exist separately from the power of execution;" and that much may be indirectly learned from sources where the technical language of the plastic arts is unknown. The material of which the monument is to be composed deserves consideration, as, besides other reasons, it may, in some degree, affect the design or treatment of the subject. In our northern climate marble is but seldom used, in consequence of an unfavourable impression respecting its permanency in exposed situations; yet, there are marbles that, even in the open air, would endure for ages, and purity of colour is an undeniable recommendation, as it may be favourably viewed in any light or aspect.

Bronze, from the facility of its production, and its durability, is generally preferred for statues, but it is not free from objections; erected in the public thoroughfares of cities, its color assimilates too closely with the surrounding objects; and works of this material are rarely placed so as to be seen advantageously.

The site is a very important question, but that, it appears, has been settled as a preliminary, and therefore no good can result from its further discussion.

From the number and variety of opinions already advanced, it is obvious that a disparity exists with regard to the gesture and expression by which the figure should be distinguished—good taste and judgment suggesting the dignified and graceful repose that would characterize the solemn advocate of a nation's rights; while youthful ardour pleads for a more dramatic representation of conscious power, derived from the sympathetic co-operation of hopeful millions;—to unite, if possible, such opposite views in their various modifications, is the privilege, as well as the province of the artist; and fortunate, indeed, must he be deemed, if the popular facts of personal and national history, appertaining to the subject, represented in the not less truthful than poetic language of his art, should result in the production of a work that would bear with it, down the stream of time, such pleasing proofs of historic and artistic merits as would entitle it to the admiration of remote posterity.

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## FIGMENTS OF FANCY.

BY THOMAS IRWIN.

## LINES.

A spirit whispered me one night,  
In music words that thrilled my nature through ;  
Its form was like a column of moonlight ;  
Its presence like a violet bank in dew.

“Starry brother, knowest thou  
The destiny before thee lying ?  
The diadems that wait thy brow,  
The loves beyond all pain or sighing—  
The wonder land, the spirit band, that bursts upon the soul in dying ?

“Starry brother, knowest thou  
The soul is an immortal barque,  
Whose full blown sail and radiant prow  
Points to the spaces bright and dark ;—  
From star to star its voyages are, of memories the immortal ark.

“Here, as in ages yet unborn,  
'Tis thought and toil gives victory ;  
Less glorious is the tropic morn  
Of sense-life, with its gorgeous sky,  
Than the high midnight of the mind, all stormy, starred, and shadowy.

“Then, let the spirit element,  
The heart and brain, the heat and light,  
Awhile upon this planet sent,  
Developed each by culture bright,  
Expanding to the verge of time, grow up to purpose and to might.

That in successive lives to come  
Each soul of power, progressively,  
With new gifts shrined within a dome  
Of wider sphered complexity,  
May grow a deitific orb, self-centered in eternity.”

## LINES TO A SPIRIT.

Oft in this casement o'er the sea,  
When the low solemn stars arise,  
I think with strange tears in mine eyes  
Of thy strange home so far from me.  
And deem, when winds sleep o'er the ground,  
From the rich darkness of the night,  
From yonder wastes of space and light.  
I hear thy sweet voice murmuring round.



Perchance in thy new spirit sphere,  
 From some blue hill in yonder height,  
 Thou lookest across the silent night  
 And thinkest of me left lonely here,  
 As by this casement o'er the sea;  
 Or wandering up the mountain road,  
 Amid the rising worlds of God,  
 I people darkness sweet with thee.

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## A DAY OF LIFE.

We met in a summer sky; the stream  
 Sang by the hill side hieing;  
 We part—the sky is bleak and gray,  
 And the river drearily sighing.

We meet, and in this heart remained  
 Thy voice for long days after;  
 Thy look brimmed up my life with joys,  
 Too deep for speech or laughter;

“Why muse ye, then, so silent both?”  
 Said once thy cheerful mother;  
 Ah! then, 'twas happiness enough  
 To be near one another;

“Wilt thou not walk with us this noon?”  
 Cried friends, with sunny greeting—  
 But, sweeter than all delights  
 Was our heart's lonely beating.—  
 We met in a summer sky; the stream  
 Sang by the hill side hieing;  
 We part—the sky is bleak and gray,  
 And the river drearily sighing.

Ere thy love came I dreamt love dreams,  
 And rhymed them many a morning;  
 Soon found I them so weak and cold  
 I tore them in my scorning.

Then read I under sunny trees  
 Tales and love lays many,  
 To find if the deep joy I knew  
 Had e'er been felt by any:

Ah! then all earth thy likeness took,  
 Thine absence softly whiling;  
 The evening had thy modest look,  
 And morn thy gentle smiling:

And night, so breathless, deep, and starred,  
Was like thy face while praying,  
When filled with heavenly thoughts thine eyes  
Shone through the dark hair's straying :  
We met in a summer sky ; the stream  
Sang by the hill side hieing ;  
We part—the sky is bleak and gray,  
And the river drearily sighing.

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### A DREAM OF AN ICEBERG.

My dream commenced strangely. It was mid-summer time, and I had passed a couple of months at a pretty fishing village on the west coast, whither I had come from the capital, to enjoy relaxation and idleness ; my only companion during the long rambles I took daily in the bright sunshine and fresh sea-wind, being a few volumes I had brought with me ; when one evening, returning from a long walk, I took a fancy to step on board a small sloop, which lay at moorings by the side of the little hamlet pier. The hatches were closed, and the vessel for the time deserted, the men, as I supposed, having gone to enjoy themselves with their friends in the town, or at the little tavern ; and for some time I walked about the deck, listening to the water gurgling between the side of the vessel and the pier wall, and watching the distant golden sky growing dimmer and dimmer over the line of gray mountains which sloped landward from the plain—the reflection of the light-house lamp quivering on the dark glassy surface of the harbour—the increasing twinkles of the red candle sparks in the windows of the cottages on the steep above the shore, where the brown nets were spread, drying ; and the drowsy descent of the gray twilight over the quiet panorama of beach and sea.

As the dusk, warm summer night fell around I experienced a not ungrateful sensation of strangeness at finding myself the only living thing on board this dark vessel, and fell into a reverie, in which gradually the inconstant sighing of the wind through the upper cordage, the occasional break, along the sides, of the cresting waves running in with the fresh tide, and now and then some vague sound in the dark hold, impressed upon my fancy a dim sense of a sort of life attaching to the lonely ship, which seemed as though it was murmuring inarticulate, but understood, replies to the familiar elements in which it had moved from land to land. So new and mystical was the effect of those solitary communings, which appeared to my imagination to assume, by degrees, a more intelligible distinctness, that for the time I wholly forgot my intention of returning to the village, and, stretching myself on the deck, already felt a novel and exciting feeling of mournful, elemental companionship, so to speak, established between myself and the lonely dark vessel, the waves and sea airs ; when glancing toward the silent shore, I perceived that a heavy fog, which had already

blended the distant prospect with the sky, was rapidly concealing the village lights from my view; and hardly had I recognised this change, when even the harbour pier had become lost in the haze, and scarcely any object remained visible but the dark slender masts, pointing to a space in the sky, where a couple of stars still struggled with the prevailing dimness. I was, however, far from experiencing any fear or apprehension at the sudden advance of the cloudy atmosphere, in which all things were enveloped; on the contrary, a sort of pleasing resignation, a sense of security, animated by one of mysterious, adventurous excitement, slowly possessed me, and even evinced a calm increase, when, looking up at the masts, and listening to the more rapid plash of the waves around, I became conscious that the vessel was in motion—that after a few moments we were rounding the lighthouse point, from which the lamp for a second threw its red glare on the decks and spars, and disappeared—and that in the freshening land wind we were bearing out upon the solitary sea.

It could not have been long after this that a slow feeling of weariness pervaded my frame; the fog had meanwhile, I thought, cleared away; looking toward the land, I found it had disappeared; every sail swelled in the warm wind; I was speeding far out at sea, and the last thing I noticed ere I sunk into deep slumber, was a pale gleam slanting across a fog bank, whose long drift lay heavy along the eastern waters.

It was bright day when I awoke—a thousand miles, as I thought, from the land we had left; the sun glowed dazzlingly on the clear green undulating floor of the spacious ocean, through which the lovely white sailed vessel swept swiftly and joyously in the light wind, like some spirit, which, while luxuriating in its element, inspired by some earnest purpose, pursued its uninterrupted way. Had it been a living thing, I could hardly have felt more happy in the strange familiarity established between us, more delighted in the careless graces of its joyous movements, more security in its vigorous strength, or confidence in its unknown purpose; nor did the mystic barque itself seem unconscious; nay, as though animated occasionally with a sort of inner blind life and recognition of me, its solitary passenger, whenever I chanced to tighten some sail that flapped in a transient wind-lull, or straighten its course when it momentarily diverged in some current, its upper sails seemed to swell with joy and pride, and rung with airy laughter, as laying its side to the sea, it again sprang impetuously from wave to wave, dancing along amid the sunny waters.

As thus we voyaged throughout the day, sometimes a warm haze crept over the sea, revealing in its silvery depths, dim visionary glimpses of shores and headlands, enchanted visions of beauty. But as the sun began to set, those casual appearances grew dimmer, grayer, and more gloomy; and as the moon rose from the level of the ocean, fronting the declining orb, a cold wind, methought, began to breathe from the distance, whither we were speeding, and far away on the foamy sea line, some faint objects, white and glittering appeared, which I knew not how, sent through my heart a chill of anxious foreboding. At length the sunset, which had superbly filled the west with its regions of purple and fiery cloud, began to fade; its long

glory of paradisaical light, sinking dimmer and dimmer beyond ; and the while the ship seemed to speed quicker and quicker, again a thick mist, such as I thought had fallen upon the earth, the previous evening covered the ocean, and, folded in warm drowsy cloud, I once more, I thought, sunk into sleep.

A crash like thunder awoke me,—on all sides a scene of horror rushed upon my eyes. It was dim moonlight, and a glance showed me that the vessel—which appeared to be one different from that in which I had so joyously sailed, had struck against an Iceberg, whose white, cold, floating mountain, loomed dimly in the mist anear ; and that, split asunder, it was already sinking into the dark depths of the wild ocean. A minute after I awoke, indeed, the portion to which I clung, with one great heave, vanished from beneath me, hurling me into the sea, amid whose swirling gorges of foam it disappeared.

Twenty fathoms deep I seemed to sink into the cold, dark sea. Then, as in terror and confusion, again finding myself on the surface, I struck out despairingly, looking round for some fragment of wreck to cling to, but every vestige of it had vanished ; and I was alone, hundreds of miles from land, in the midst of the devouring ocean, in which the only object was the silent ice island, which rose some hundred feet away, its cold, bright pinacles glimmering in the setting moon—amid the great waves which lashed its glittering sides, and rolled with sounds like thunder through the caverns which yawned around its base, along the water line.

Though this lonely berg looked cold and terrible as death itself, yet, impelled by the instinct of self-preservation, I swam toward it—reached one of its jutting promontories, and, after a fierce battle with the billows, which beat against me as I approached, repelled from its sides—after a long and slippery struggle, I finally made good my footing on its fearful shore. Here, indeed, my position was but one degree removed from the death which had just threatened me in the water ; still the sense of even the transient security it afforded me was a relief from the horror I had lately experienced, and a faint hope of meeting with and signalling some vessel, and escaping the most terrible of deaths—a hope which grew out of despair itself,—began by degrees to animate my heart.

An hour—it could hardly have been more, though it seemed an age—passed, the while I clung desperately to the ice blocks which serrated the ledge of the berg, when the faint light of dawn began to throw its pale flush, deepening into trembling reflections of scarlet and orange, across the sea, when I forthwith commenced to climb the icy sides of the island, and making my way through its deep chinks and channels, through which numerous little rivulets trickled and tumbled, finally reached a lofty central elevation beneath which spread its glittering peaks and snowy valleys, and from which I ascertained the dimensions of the island, which appeared to me to be some quarter of a mile in circumference. I gazed around the ocean, but, alas ! it presented a complete solitude—not a sail was visible around the circuit of the horizon. Fearful as was this huge barren fragment of ice, however, I knew that it was floating rapidly southward, and that were I able to preserve my life for a few days, the chances were considerable

that I might come within hail of some vessel, and be rescued. As the sun rose, the heat in the deep clefts, through which I made my way, became intense; my clothing dried rapidly, and the comfort I thus experienced, after the benumbing cold of the night, was just beginning to awaken a more cheerful feeling in my heart, when, horrible in its present sensation, and still more so in its reflective consequences, I felt the first pangs of hunger, and almost cursed the destiny which, saving me for the moment, had but preserved me to suffer the terrors of a more lingering death.

Instantly, I bethought me of making a search along the coasts of the ice island, in the hope that, amid fragments of wreck which I thought I had seen drifted into one of the deep channels which indented its sides, I might discover some articles of food. There were several deep indentations, resembling icy fiords in the coast, and these I for some time investigated, but without avail; at length I reached one which extended further than any of the others inward, and here first I found some dead fish, which remained frozen to the shore; and a little after came to a place, half embedded in ice and snow, where I saw, what I conceived to be a large fragment of wreck lying about ten paces from the waves. In a little time I had reached this object, and my delight may be conceived when I discovered it to be a small boat, whose prow protruded from the thick curtain of ice in which the greater portion of it was buried.

Having made a hasty meal of the fish which had been preserved perfectly pure in the frozen water, and which was but too welcome under this circumstance, I began to make search for some implement to break up the ice and free the boat, and presently found a broken spar, with which I set vigorously to work. While thus occupied, a hundred conflicting ideas passed through my mind; I well knew that though I might possibly be able to procure sufficient food to sustain life for a few days, that inevitable destruction finally awaited me, as the ice island would gradually melt away, as it floated into the warm regions southward, whither I knew it was hurrying, in one of the great currents. Nay, I was also aware that though from the melting of the ice the bergs constantly lost their equilibrium, and toppled over, burying the portion heretofore above the sea in its depths—an event which might occur any moment. The delight with which I worked therefore to extricate the boat, which appeared to afford me a means of escape from this silent, terrible, treacherous fgment of ice, may be imagined. In a little time I discovered a hatchet in the hold, and by its means so accelerated my labours that in about an hour I had moved the blocks of ice from half its extent.

When I had completed my labour so far, a new surprise awaited me, for, as I cleft through the ice which filled the interior, I found first a chest tightly corded underneath the seats, which, quickly opening, I found to contain a complete outfit of sea clothing—then another, smaller indeed in size, but still more welcome, in which there were several loaves and a rude case of preserved meat, and by the side two rather large bottles, one of which I quickly ascertained contained brandy, and the other water. It was

by this time afternoon, and resting a while from my work I made a hearty meal of the provisions which I had obtained in a manner so providential.

Before resuming my occupation, I again climbed one of the heights of the island and surveyed the circling sea. There was, however, no ship in sight, and my heart was somewhat heavy as I returned to the place where the boat lay, and began my work anew.

In about an hour I had completely removed the ice from its sides, when, alas! a new and terrible disappointment awaited me, as I found that the outer stern had been shattered, and that except I was fortunate enough to find some pieces of wreck, with which to repair this injury, the sudden hope I had entertained of escaping from the island, was delusive. Though much disheartened with this discovery, it was still something to be in possession of the means to sustain life for some days, I drew the boat further into the interior, as evening was, by this time, coming on, and turning it over, prepared to sleep beneath its roof that night, and again remounted the mountain of ice to survey the ocean.

Were it not for the impending horror of the situation in which I was placed, the surrounding scenery was well calculated in its beauty, silence, and vastness to inspire the mind with lofty and tranquil emotions. The sun had sunk beneath the horizon, its superb light reflected from a mass of gorgeous cloud, which hung along the west, spread over the surface of the deep azure sea toward the point whence the moon was already rising.

Around me spread the fantastic architecture of frost, pinnacles, domes, minaret, mirroring all the glories of the contending lights; the dash of the waves sounded hoarsely, breaking along the shores, and regurgitating with hollow roar through the caverns; and far away the wind swept in lonely armory over the surface of the solitary ocean.

Soon, however, as the night fell, the chill pressure of the icy spectral island thrilled the blood, as the air caused by its movement came breathing keenly over its peaks and valleys, and I was just about to return to the land, when, straining my eyes toward a large star near the south, I thought I saw a speck, like a sail, hovering on the sea-line. Clouds soon veiled it from sight; and, wearied with excitement and the work of the day, I once more sought the place where I had so arranged the boat as to serve as a shelter against the chill wind while I slept.

When, however, I attempted to compose myself to slumber, the sense of the awful position in which I was placed on this island of ice, which might, at any moment, topple over, plunging me, unconscious of my doom, fathoms below the surface—the dread of another death-struggle in the dark, solitary waters—these and such like terrible imaginations, for many hours banished rest; the while I lay listening to the break of the surge, the showery fall of the rivulets along its sides, and the icy creaking of the unstable mass around, as it swayed to and fro, melting away each moment upon the ocean. Never, oh! never will the terrors of that awesome night vanish from my mind; of that night, in which I found myself alone, powerless, inseparably united to the presence of death, floating through the



immense desolate sea, uncertain each moment that passed whether the next might not herald the thunder roar of the bursting berg, and the termination of existence. Awful, awful was that night, when the moon, associated with familiar scenes of life, gazing with immutable, passionless brow from cold infinity, on the solitary soul, fated, perhaps, to perish like a bubble, suddenly swallowed by the dark, lonely death of the deeps. Nevertheless, physical and mental exhaustion finally prevailed, and I sunk into an uneasy slumber broken ever and anon by startling dreams, which vaguely imaged and sustained the terrors of the place and time.

I had, possibly, slept a couple of hours, when I was suddenly awakened by a sound like that of an earthquake. I sprang to my feet, and gazed confusedly around. The berg was swaying violently to and fro, and though a deep calm reigned on the night, the sea was rolling tumultuously around. The next moment, glancing to the left of the cleft, where a great ice steep had risen, I found it had fallen into the ocean, and was floating at some distance in the wake of the island. This event, so confirmatory of my apprehensions as to the transitory nature of this fragment of winter on which I floated, rendered sleep henceforth that night impossible, and I passed the remaining hours, awaiting dawn, and straining my eyes around in search of some vessel.

As the sun rose and the day advanced, the heat of the orb appeared to have become strangely intensified; it seemed to concentrate its pitiless flame on the fragile architecture of the berg, from whose peaks, pinnacles, and elevations a thousand streams rushed and roared, bearing with them each instant some fragment, small or large, of its mass. A thick haze, rising from the evaporation of its substance, veiled the greater part of it from view, through which, ever and anon, I heard the crushing sound and fall of its huge disintegrated masses, some tumbling into the central space, some along its sides into the waves, and I saw that at the rate of demolition proceeding, a few days would destine its supermarine portion to destruction, at the same time that there was the ever impending chance of its sudden explosion.

That day several sails hove remotely in sight, and from the highest summit of the berg I constantly signalled them, but without avail, the thick haze in which the floating monster was enveloped possibly rendering so small an object as the human figure, at such a distance, invisible. Then succeeded a second night, with its hopelessness intensified; already I began to abandon all prospect of rescue, and to become half stupified by this exhausting pressure of anxiety and apprehension; but, overwhelming as were the sensations from which I had already suffered, I was destined, as the succeeding days proved, to experience an aggregation of agony, as yet unfelt and unimagined.

I had still sufficient food, if economised, to last for a couple of days; but, on the third, the flask of water which I had found in the boat was nearly exhausted; and while the waisting process of the intense cold of the nights exaggerated the sensations of hunger, the burning heat of the day already produced the much more terrible agonies of thirst. It was

on the fourth day, when the last drop of water had vanished, that a new and far more fearful species of death than that from which I had escaped began to loom before me in all its horrible, inexorable reality—one which, except at intervals, half blinded me to the rapid diminution of the berg, which was now hardly a third of its original size.

It was on the fifth day, as the now awful sun rose over the waste of the sailless sea, that, burning with thirst, parched and racked with pain, I prayed for death as a relief from my sufferings; which, strange to say, the immense prospect of the surrounding ocean intensified by a sort of cruel contrast. For a time I resisted the temptations of quenching the burning fire which raged in my frame, with the sea water; but the knowledge that it would but increase my pains soon became powerless to arrest my purpose; I felt myself irresistibly impelled, and approaching a cleft in the berg, containing a well of sea water, took a long draught. In a few hours my sufferings were greater than ever, and continued increasing throughout the night—during which they banished sleep. Then came the sixth day, the last I recognised, for by this time physical and mental torture had produced the first symptoms of madness. At times I sat in a stupor, blankly gazing from some icy promontory across the sea; sometimes I laughed and sang, leaping from cleft to cleft until exhausted; then, in a temporary moment of consciousness and pain, burning with inextinguishable thirst, I cursed the sun, to whose heat I attributed the agonies I endured. Two demons, each rivalling the other in fury, seemed racking my frame; the berg, all the terrors of my surroundment disappeared—I was alone with hunger and thirst—I was no longer human—I felt nothing but the rage of a wild beast—I had become blind—I lost the sense of my personality—I turned against myself, and fastening my teeth in my arm, eat and drank of my body and blood,—and so doing became insensible.

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## THE IRISH HIERARCHY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

### CHAPTER IX.

At the commencement of these papers we stated that the secret instructions given to Rinuccini, when about to set out for Ireland, charged him to select as his special and most confidential advisers, Malachy, archbishop of Tuam, and Heber, bishop of Clogher, whose zeal, clear-sightedness, and ability in the management of public business, had won them high repute at the court of Rome. Of the former of these prelates we have already spoken, with as much minuteness as his short-lived career and tragic fate seemed to justify, and we will now address ourselves to the biography of the latter, whose fidelity to the cause of religion and country has made his name famous in popular ballads, as well

as in those graver pages, where friend and foe have represented him as a grand historic figure.

Heber, or Emeric, son of Turlough MacMahon and Eva O'Neill, was born at Monaghan, in 1600, a year memorable for the arrival in Ireland of the lord deputy Mounjoy, whose acknowledged ability as a statesman and general was destined to crush the Spaniards at Kinsale, and subjugate the entire island to English rule. Heber's father had fought on the side of the northern chieftains, from the beginning of the war which the latter waged against queen Elizabeth, and on every field from Clontibret to the great victory of the Blackwater, he acted the part of a brave soldier, proving himself on all occasions the worthy representative of an ancient race, always renowned for valorous achievements. The child, Heber, was only seven years old when his kinsman, James Colla MacMahon, was obliged to join the Earls in their flight from lough Swilley; and in the course of a few years afterwards, his father was reduced to comparative poverty by the bill of attainder, which proscribed the fugitives and their adherents, and confiscated the best part of Ulster to the crown. Obligated to seek shelter with the survivors of O'Neill's and O'Donnell's clansmen in the then almost inaccessible wilds of Donegal, Turlough, with his wife, Eva, and their only child, fixed his residence in the vicinity of Killybegs, and there lived as best he could, hoping that he would sooner or later be restored to some fragment of those grand domains which were so cruelly and unjustly wrested from him and his. News, however, reached Ireland, towards the close of 1608, that James MacMahon and his companion in misfortune, lord Maguire, had died immediately after their arrival at Genoa,\* of fever, contracted at Ostia; and the executive, acting on this welcome intelligence, confirmed the grant of Turlough's patrimony to the new occupier, and thus annulled all the claims of the rightful owner. At that period Turlough was too old to take service in the Spanish armies; and as he was suffering from wounds received on the disastrous day of Kinsale, he resolved to remain at home, and devote the remainder of his days to initiating young Heber—his sole hope—in the rudiments of the military profession, till the lad would be fit to sail for Flanders, and there enlist into the Irish regiment, which was then commanded by the eldest son of the banished earl of Tyrone. Heber, indeed, did inherit the chivalrous instincts of his father, but his mother, it would appear, had no ambition to see him trailing halberd or lance, and she consequently resolved that his hopes and aspirations should take an opposite direction, and yearn for the still higher honour of serving in the weakened ranks of the Church, then truly *militant*, in Ireland. Heber seconded his mother's wishes, and laid aside sword and target for book and pen; and that nothing might be wanting to forward his education, she called into her humble homestead a Franciscan friar of Donegal, who, in return for the bread and shelter afforded

\* In the Irish Tract, entitled "The Flight of the Earls," it is stated that there was an interval of only six hours between the deaths of those illustrious exiles, who were buried in the habit of St. Francis, in the church of that name, at Genoa.

him, taught the boy Latin, Greek, and Spanish, and made him thoroughly familiar with the history of his unfortunate country. Towards the close of 1617, Heber set out for Douay, and entered the Irish College, which Cusack, a priest of Meath, had founded and endowed in that old Flemish town. Having completed his philosophical course there, he removed to Louvain,\* in order to avail himself of the lectures of the learned Franciscan MacCaghwell, who was then esteemed one of the most profound theologians of his time. What honours or distinctions he may have obtained during his collegiate career we know not, but it is certain that his application and industry were rewarded with the respect of his various professors, and secured for him the congratulations of those truly eminent Irish ecclesiastics, who then devoted themselves to educating priests for the home mission. At length, having gone through the prescribed cycle of studies, and attained his twenty-fifth year, Heber was ordained priest in the chapel of the Irish Franciscan convent at Louvain; John Colgan, Donatus Mooney, Father O'Cleary, and other celebrities assisting on the occasion. In the interval his parents had passed out of this life, after seeing their inheritance alienated to the thrifty colonists with whom James I. replaced the native population, and the ancient churches of Clogher given over to fanatical preachers—Scotch and English—whose grand aim was to outroot "popery" from the soil where it had flourished so vigorously during those days when O'Neill and O'Donnell would not suffer any Anglican priest or prelate to set foot upon it.

At the time of his ordination, Louvain and, indeed, every other garrison town in Flanders, swarmed with Irish troops, commanded by Owen Roe O'Neill, Preston, of the house of Gormaston, O'Cahan, and others who were destined to take part in the eventful vicissitudes of their native land at a future period. Had MacMahon wished to remain among his exiled countrymen, he could easily have found advancement at the hands of the archdukes Albert and Isabella, then the steadiest friends of the Irish Catholics, but knowing that his services were required in the land of his birth, he hastened home, and devoted himself with heroic zeal to the duties of his calling. On his arrival in his native diocese, he found the catholics deprived not only of their lands but of their churches, and driven to the sad necessity of assisting at the divine sacrifice wherever it could be celebrated, without attracting the notice of the "Under-takers," in the recesses of the mountains, and oftener still on the hill sides which commanded a view of the surrounding districts, and enabled them to take precaution against being surprised or interrupted. Withal, the people clung steadfastly to the ancient faith; and, notwithstanding the perils to which they were hourly exposed for the observance of its ordinances, nothing could induce them to abandon it or betray its ministers to the myrmidons of the executive, who were ever on the alert for their apprehension. The people respected MacMahon not only as a priest but

\* Another MacMahon (Eugene), archbishop of Dublin, founded the Irish Pastoral college at Louvain, in 1624. It has been asserted that he died there, but we have followed Lynch, who states that his death occurred at Rome.

as one of the representatives of the ancient nobility of Ulster, who had suffered so much for religion and country; and we may easily imagine with what weight his words fell on their hearts, when he exhorted them to persevere in the same profession, and beseech God to take compassion on their endurance. Cautiously avoiding all overt acts that could provoke the intolerance of lord Falkland, and the deputies who succeeded him, he toiled as a simple priest, for fully twenty years in the diocese of Clogher, and, indeed, so efficiently that O'Reilly, vicar-apostolic of Kilmore, and subsequently archbishop of Armagh, wrote to Rome, that he deserved the highest honours to which the holy see could advance him. The primate, doubtless, regarded him as eminently qualified to preside over the ancient see of Clogher; in a word, as one whose election to that dignity would be hailed with delight by the people, who, in the midst of their reverses, still maintained traditional reverence for the son of the Orgiellian chieftains.

At the commencement of the agitation which heralded the insurrection of 1641, MacMahon signified to lord Ormond, that the Catholics of the north, unable to bear the oppressions of the Scotch and English undertakers, would assuredly rise in arms, unless the executive took means to protect their lives against the repeated acts of aggression to which they were hourly exposed; but this timely warning was utterly thrown away on Parsons and Borlase, whose aim was to goad the "papists" to rebellion, in order that they might share between them the remnant of property that was still in the hands of the latter. At length, however, endurance reached its extremest limit, the northern Catholics appealed to arms, and among those who were involved in the abortive attempt to seize Dublin castle and the persons of the lords justices, was Hugh MacMahon, the near kinsman of the subject of this memoir.

At the outbreak of the revolution, Father Heber exerted all his power and influence to restrain the licentiousness of the multitudes who flocked to the standard of Sir Phelim O'Neill and the other northern leaders, and such were his exertions in behalf of the protestants, that many of them owed their lives and preservation of their property to his charitable interference. As soon, however, as the "rising" assumed the character of a general movement, he co-operated with archbishop O'Reilly and the other prelates who assembled at Kells, and finally at Kilkenny, to direct the people in laying the foundations of the confederacy. On all these occasions, the prelates and lay lords gave attentive ear to his suggestions, and regarded him as one whose wisdom was only equalled by his well known courage. At length, when the confederacy was fully organized, and the prelates had resolved to fill those sees that were vacant, a memorial was forwarded to Rome, praying his holiness Urban VIII. to promote MacMahon to the bishopric of Clogher, as no other could be found more deserving of such advancement, either by ancient descent or grand services rendered to the new government. The holy see granted the prayer of the petitioners, and

\* Carte's Ormond.

MacMahon was consecrated at Drogheda, early in 1643, after having held the see of Down and Connor as *bishop-elect* for two years previously.\*

The motives that determined this selection were twofold—spiritual and temporal—for the holy see not only appreciated the services which MacMahon had rendered to religion, but set due value on his acknowledged ascendancy over the minds of the people of his province, who recognised him as the representative of their ancient chieftains, and were nowise loath to follow him to the field, whenever he might find it imperative to lay aside crook and mitre for sword and helmet. In fact, he was the fittest man for the dignity to which he was elevated, for, it is likely that no other could have been found at the time possessing so many attributes of a militant prelate. His first essay in that capacity was made a year before he received the bulls appointing him to the see of Clogher, when he marched at the head of a strong detachment of troops, to congratulate his early friend, Owen O'Neill, on his arrival in Ireland, and tender to that brave general the aid of his sword whenever he might need it. Strange as such a proposition may appear to us, it could not shock or surprise O'Neill, who, doubtless, was aware that many Spanish and Italian prelates, and pope Julius II. especially, had dared death in the field, and he therefore accepted the chivalrous offer with a soldier's thankfulness.

But what O'Neill desired most at that juncture was the removal of his kinsman, Sir Phelim, from the command of the Ulster forces, and to have

\* His predecessor in Down and Connor was Hugh Magennis, cousin-german to the then earl of Tyrone, and nephew to lord Iveagh, who made his religious profession in the Franciscan convent at Louvain (1614), and there assumed the name Bonaventure. This learned religious was afterwards a penitentiary of the Lateran church at Rome, and his kinsman, Tyrconnell, memorialised Urban VIII. to advance him to the Irish primacy in 1627. On the death of Edmond Dungan, he was appointed to Down and Connor, and his consecration took place in a church near the Salarian gate, at Rome, in 1630. He returned to Ireland the same year, and died 24th April, 1640. His successor was Arthur Magennis, a member of the Cistercian order, and nephew to Owen Roe O'Neill. This prelate's nomination was made in 1647, and in the following year he was consecrated by Rinuccini at Kilkenny. He was a member of the supreme council for the province of Ulster, and acted as such while only bishop-elect. Like his uncle, he was sincerely devoted to the nunzio's policy, and did his utmost to support it. In May, 1652, he was commissioned by the prelates assembled at Loughrea, to proceed to Rome on their business, and he accordingly set sail from the island of Innisboffin with Lynch, bishop of Kilfenora, and many other ecclesiastics, who took that opportunity of escaping the Cromwellians. The ship which bore Magennis and his companions in misfortune, was not long at sea when it was overtaken and fired into by a parliamentary cruiser; and such was the shock his already enfeebled constitution sustained from this untoward occurrence, that he died soon afterwards. The same shot sent a shower of splinters over the head of the bishop of Kilfenora without, however, doing him material injury. Magennis's body was committed to the deep; for, as the wind was blowing off the land, his friends were constrained to adopt this manner of burial. As to Clogher, it may not be out of place to state, that Patrick Duffy, a Franciscan and native of Ulster, held that see in 1671, and was succeeded by Patrick Tyrrell, of Westmeath, who made his religious profession in Multiernan, and filled the chair of theology in the convent of St. Isidore, at Rome.—*Mooney's Hist. of the Irish Franciscans.*



at his disposal large levies of stalwart youths, who, when disciplined after the Spanish fashion, were to be officered by those gallant and experienced men, who had seen service with him in many a campaign, and shared his laurels at Arras. 'Tis almost unnecessary to say, that Father Heber voted Owen Roe general-in-chief of the northern confederates, and relaxed no effort in procuring recruits for that chieftain's standard, till he had the satisfaction of seeing him at the head of a large and highly disciplined army. Such truly valuable services were fully recognised at Rome, where Father Wadding, and others not less influential, commended them to the notice of the holy see; and we have glanced at them here in order to explain why it was that Rinuccini was instructed to make a confidant of Heber, bishop of Clogher. The first meeting of these two personages took place in the castle of Kilkenny, immediately after the nunzio's arrival in that city, and then commenced that friendship and continuity of intercourse, which lasted through so many years of triumphs and reverses. Indeed, one of the nunzio's earliest despatches shows that MacMahon realised his ideal of a true and energetic bishop; for when enumerating the many difficulties he had to encounter from the opposition of the older prelates, who made small account of "the splendour of religion, through fear of not being able to maintain it," he reports to the holy see, that the *recently* consecrated bishop of Clogher was most anxious for the restoration of the splendor and publicity of ecclesiastical ceremonies; and that that personage, although guided by political precedents, afforded a marked contrast to the *old* bishops, who, having passed through the days of persecution, were constantly haunted by an apprehension that such times might come again. They lacked resolution and boldness, but in the person of MacMahon he found all that he could desire—a will conformable to his own, and a spirit of daring, that was always prepared to encounter the most formidable emergencies. With such an ally, Rinuccini flattered himself that he would be able to overrule the wide spread feeling of opposition to his religious-political projects; and, indeed, there can be no doubt that he would have succeeded, had he been able to reconcile conflicting parties and interests, and unite all in opposition to the common enemy. He failed to accomplish this; and though representing the delegated majesty of Rome, his efforts to bring about a union of Irish politicians were utterly unavailing.

MacMahon, although occupying the place of a spiritual peer in the supreme council, was not advanced to the temporalities of his bishopric till after the battle of Benburb, when that victory gave the confederates a short-lived triumph in Ulster; but even then, he resided less frequently in his diocese than in the immediate vicinity of the nunzio and the camp of Owen O'Neill, who was entirely directed and influenced by his counsels. As might be expected, MacMahon subscribed the rejection of the peace of 1646, and took an active part in the congregation of the clergy at Waterford, where the bishops assumed the government, under the presidency of the nunzio, and committed the sad blunder of calling O'Neill's army from the pursuit of the Scotch puritans to support the new regime. Thenceforth he became, if possible, still more devoted to the nunzio, approved all his

projects, and maintained that his policy and Owen O'Neill's sword were the sole means for rescuing Ireland from present and future oppression.

Acting on this conviction, he caused O'Neill to signify to the nunzio that the preponderating military power, which the victory of Benburb had secured for him, was entirely at his devotion, and that the Ulster forces were ready to march on Dublin whenever he might think fit to sanction that enterprise. The reduction of the capital, we need hardly say, was one of Rinuccini's most cherished projects, and as MacMahon was well aware of this, he insisted that no time should be lost in making the attempt. The nunzio hesitated, not, indeed, through apprehension of failure, but rather from fear of giving umbrage to queen Henrietta Maria, then at Paris; and it was not till after several weeks of inaction he resolved to summon the metropolis to surrender.

In the beginning of autumn (1646), O'Neill advanced with his Ulstermen through the north of Leinster, and being joined by the forces under Preston, they pitched their camps at Leixlip and Newcastle, while the nunzio and MacMahon took up their quarters in the immediate vicinity, to press on the operations of the two generals. Acting on the advice of Castlehaven, Ormond wasted the country all around before he retired into Dublin, and as the winter had set in with unusual severity, the confederates were but ill supplied with provisions. Worst of all, the old jealousies between Preston and O'Neill had broken out afresh; and, to add to this complication of difficulties, Lord Clanricarde, a catholic and hitherto neutral appeared on the scene to tamper with Preston, whose hatred of O'Neill was only equalled by his want of firmness. Preston would not advance, and a rumour reached O'Neill's quarters that the former had concerted measures with lord Ormond for falling on his army in front and flank. O'Neill, therefore, had to take precautions against surprise, for he was led to believe that Preston meant to destroy him and his. As for the citizens of Dublin, they were terrified by the proximity of the nunzio's armies, and as they gazed, night after night, from the tower of Christ's-church on the numerous camp fires, that blazed along the north bank of the Liffey, from Castleknock to Lucan, they prayed God to deliver them from those wild Ulstermen, who boasted, however, unwarrantably, that they were pope's chosen soldiers. Little, however, did the good burghers think that bickerings were rife in the confederate camps, and that the two armies which had come to seize the city were more disposed to fly at each other's throats! In the midst of these dissensions, the nunzio felt himself bewildered, and apprehending that he must lose all chance of seizing Dublin if he failed to unite the two generals, he went, accompanied by the bishop of Clogher, to Preston's quarters, to effect a mutual understanding. The Leinster general behaved on this occasion with marked reserve, and although he had been urged to arrest the bishop of Clogher, he refused to do so. The conference, however, did not bring about the desired reconciliation; and much as the nunzio plumed himself on his courage in traversing the level country north of the city, "where a few

straggling horsemen might have picked him up and carried him to lord Ormond,"\* all his efforts went for nothing, so much so, that on a rumour of a parliamentary squadron having dropped anchor in the bay, O'Neill and Preston struck their tents, and retired hastily in the direction of Kilkenny.

After tarrying some days at Lucan, to examine articles of accommodation, which Clanricarde proposed on Ormond's behalf, the nunzio and the bishop of Clogher proceeded to rejoin the confederate generals, in the hope of bringing them back to resume the siege of Dublin. This, however, they found utterly impracticable, and the only result of all their pleading was to induce O'Neill and Preston to subscribe a document, by which they bound themselves to be true to each other on all future occasions, when the interests of the confederacy might require their combined action.†

Having aided in effecting this temporary reconciliation, MacMahon retired to his diocese, and there passed the greater part of 1647, holding conferences of his clergy, administering confirmation, restoring churches, and zealously performing all the other functions of his episcopal office. At length, however, when news reached him that Preston had been defeated at Trim by Jones, to whom lord Ormond surrendered Dublin for a sum of thirteen thousand pounds, he wrote to Owen O'Neill to hasten with his

\* Nunz. p. 407.

† As the agreement which the generals subscribed, at the nunzio's instance, has never appeared in print till now, it will interest the reader, and prove that divisions and dissensions were as rife among Irish Catholics in the seventeenth century, as they are at the present moment:—

"Cum D. nuncius ex zelo, et fervore ad promovendam religionem Catholicam, et preservationem hujus gentis mihi representaverit nihil excogitari posse (excepta Dei omnipotentia), magis efficaciter prævalens, et in bonum publicum redundans quam perfecta unio inter confederatos Catholicos, sic e contrario, nihil esse perniciosius, et execrabilius bono publico quam procreata divisio, et odium inter semetipsos; et ad preservandos prefatos Catholicos in perfecta unione omnino existimat necessarium quod varii rumores in vulgus dispersi discordiæ et divisionis quæ censentur exortæ inter me, et Generalem Ultoniæ, causeque illorum rumorum remotæ et conciliatæ extarent mutua declaratione sub manibus; et vero ut ejus sanctæ, et piæ resolutiones deberent in cordibus omnium bonorum Catholicorum locum habere, sic esset execrabile, et impium in conspectu Dei, et hominum quod ullius conatus desseret, et deficerent, ubi causam Dei promovere potuissent, et in hoc digitus Dei meam conscientiam tangit. Quare ut in cælesti, aut terrestri felicitate, mihi, et meis posteris Deum propitium esse velim, sic manifestum facio, non obstantibus antea actis discordiis inter me et Generalem Ultoniæ ortis, me in posterum ex toto corde, et totis viribus auxiliaturum illi, ubi se occasio affulgerit, sive in publico servitio, sive privato comodo neve verbis, aut scriptis, aut factis aliquid facturum, quod illi damnum, aut infamiam notam inuere, aut quod ulla ratione discordiam seminare posset, et me non ausculturum, vel fidem habiturum ulli rumori allicienti ad discordiam promovendam inter nos; sed remoturum tales a me, et summopere cupio ut omnes inimicæ, et discordes cogitationes ab utriusque nostrum mentibus exulcent, et illarum vice perfectus amor, et Christiana charitas, nostris cordibus conferantur; quod mihi firmiter propono, et in hunc finem manum apposui, et promptus paratusque sum hoc omne proprio sanguine confirmare. Ad melius preservandam hanc unionem fide-liter observabo in omnibus Domini nuncii mandata, tanquam principalia motiva, et media ad fovendos et preservandos nos in hac unione, ut melius in exaltatione causæ Dei procedatur.

"PRESTON

"EUG. O'NEILL."

army, and save Kilkenny from the parliamentary forces. The Ulster general gladly obeyed the summons, marched rapidly on Trim, occupied the ground where Preston had been so shamefully routed, and kept Jones's troops in check for fully four months. This bold manœuvre was, indeed, the salvation of the confederates, for O'Neill's sudden appearance on the scene of the late disaster caused Jones to retire within the walls of Dublin, and abandon his design of reducing Kilkenny. MacMahon joined the Ulster general at Trim, and remained constantly in his camp till summoned by the nunzio to Kilkenny, to take part in the momentous debates which at that period distracted the confederate councils.

At the close of 1647, the Ormondist faction resolved, if possible, to get rid of the nunzio and his adherents, and in order to accomplish this, they gave out that the recent losses and wide-spread poverty from which the whole country was suffering, could not be remedied except by appealing to the pope and other foreign potentates, for assistance in money and munitions. It was also suggested, that the terms proposed by Ormond, in 1646, should be reconsidered and accepted, provided the guarantees for Religion were amplified, and finally, that deputations should be sent to the various catholic courts, to represent the miserable condition of the confederates, and obtain whatever aids they might be disposed to advance. This, indeed, was an adroit ruse to get shut of Rinuccini's partisans, and, according to the programme, it was voted and carried in the assembly, that MacMahon should proceed, with lord Muskerry and Doctor Brown, to the court of queen Henrietta Maria at Paris. The bishop, however, saw through the scheme, and resolved to defeat it. He therefore besought the council to substitute some one in his place, "For," said he, "I am ignorant of the French and English languages, and the queen has conceived strong prejudices to me, as it has been told her that I took an active part in promoting this war, and rejecting the peace of 1646. Moreover, I have reason to think that I would be hazarding my life were I to undertake this mission, for Digby, the queen's secretary, and her special favourite, St. Germain, are my sworn enemies; find some one else for this business, for nothing shall induce me to embark in it." This declaration surprised and confounded the Ormondists; and so indignant were Muskerry, Taaff, Preston, and others, that they waited on the mayor of Kilkenny, and charged him to have the bishop of Clogher placed under arrest for contumacy and breach of privilege. The mayor, however, instead of doing as they commanded, made the bishop an offer of his protection, alleging as his reason for doing so, that he did not feel himself bound to obey the order of the assembly in this instance. On hearing this, Preston left the city to assemble his troops that were encamped in the neighbourhood; detachments of the garrison were turned out to patrol the streets, and the gates were closed to keep the bishop or any of his friends from communicating with O'Neill, whose tents were visible from the ramparts of the city. Next day, however, MacMahon took his place in the assembly, but such was the excitement provoked by his appearance, that he was forced to retire while the Ormondists were gravely discussing the legality of com-

miting him to prison. That, indeed, was a serious question; and those who were for incarcerating him, cited countless precedents furnished by history and the statute-book; but, as the bishops then present demurred to such special pleading, the Ormondists insisted that a written order should be sent to MacMahon, forbidding him to leave the city. The bishops, however, would not sanction this; and so strenuous was their opposition, that the assembly caused their written order to be cancelled, and commissioned their speaker to wait on MacMahon, and request him not to go beyond the walls. Irritated by this untoward proceeding, the nunzio insisted that the Ormondists had "violated ecclesiastical immunity," and were, consequently, bound to make reparation for their error, if they were not prepared to encounter the resentment of Owen O'Neill, who, in his camp at Maryborough, told the agent of the French court that he would never set foot in Kilkenny till ample apology had been made to the offended prelate, who was his especial friend and adviser. Alarmed at this, the assembly made the required atonement, and appointed the marquis of Antrim to be one of the deputation in lieu of the bishop of Clogher, whose presence in Ireland was indispensably necessary at that moment, when Rinuccini was about to resort to those extreme measures, for the enforcement of which he required the aid of the carnal weapon.

It is almost superfluous to say, that the bishop of Clogher figured prominently in the council of prelates who rejected Inchiquin's truce, and from fourteen of whom Rinuccini procured a conditional power, to excommunicate all favourers of that overture, in conjunction with four specified bishops, or in case of their non-attendance, with four to be named by himself. Indeed, in this instance, MacMahon did nothing more than what might have been expected from one whose antecedents proved that he was devotedly attached to the nunzio throughout, and the more so as the latter had always shown a decided preference for Owen O'Neill and the catholics of Ulster. Actuated by such sentiments, he aided the nunzio in effecting his escape from Kilkenny, and accompanied him to O'Neill's camp at Maryborough, where he tarried some time meditating what was best to be done at such a moment, and how he might be able to make his final exit from Ireland. Sad and perilous, indeed, was Rinuccini's sojourn with Owen Roe, for the forces which were then at his disposal could not cope with the united armies of Preston and Inchiquin, had they marched on Maryborough; but far more poignant than the apprehension he entertained of being surprised and utterly routed by his sworn enemies, was the intimation which Rinuccini gave him of his approaching departure from the kingdom. O'Neill implored him to abandon his intention, and MacMahon urged that the great body of the clergy, notwithstanding the political defection of eight bishops, and three-fourths of the entire population, still adhered to his cause. But all in vain, for Rinuccini clearly saw that no permanent benefit could come of his presence in Ireland, and that he was utterly powerless to bring about a union of the conflicting parties who were more intent on sacrificing each other than acting in concert for the common good. Full of this conviction he took leave of O'Neill, and proceeded to Athlone,

where, on the refusal of the four authorised bishops to sanction his last and most daring measure, he summoned four others in their stead, and with their consent pronounced sentence of excommunication against the abettors of Inchiquin's truce, and laid all parts of the kingdom, where it would be accepted, under interdict. The bishop of Clogher subscribed the sentence, and he had the gratification of learning soon afterwards, that two thousand of Preston's soldiers, terrified by the church's thunders, had deserted that general, and ranged themselves under O'Neill's standard. Elated by this momentary success, and exasperated by the Ormondists, who pronounced him guilty of high treason, O'Neill broke up his camp at Maryborough, and proceeded northwards, in order to reinforce his little army. On this expedition he was accompanied by the bishop of Clogher, and such was the enthusiasm of the Ulstermen for both chieftain and prelate, that O'Neill soon found himself at the head of ten thousand infantry and fifteen hundred horse, indifferently armed it is true, but ready and willing to follow wherever their general might be disposed to lead them. With this contingent O'Neill and the bishop returned to Leinster, routed Preston, and then advanced by forced marches into the county Tipperary, where four thousand brave peasants enrolled themselves under the confederate banners, and solemnly pledged themselves to stand by the cause of the "old Irish" and the Church. Nenagh, Banagher, and other strong places on the Shannon were speedily in the power of O'Neill's troops, and in this brief but brilliant campaign, the nunzio tells us that the Ulster chieftain defeated seven generals who were opposed to him, and thus, for the fifth time, saved religion and Ireland from the enemies of both. Having accomplished all this, O'Neill and the bishop returned to the north, to protect the people of that province from the inroads of the parliamentarians.

Meanwhile, lord Ormond had resumed the government, and signified to the nunzio that he must quit the kingdom without further delay. The intimation was soon followed by that personage's departure for the shores of France, and O'Neill and his faithful adherent, the bishop of Clogher, were left to take whatever course they deemed best for the good of the country and their own preservation. Finding himself thus abandoned by his former friends, and driven to desperation by want of provisions and military supplies, O'Neill was constrained to accept the overtures of sir Charles Coote, who proposed to furnish him with a considerable quantity of powder and ball, on condition that he would march to the relief of Derry, then besieged by the Scotch, under lord Montgomery. O'Neill accepted the offer, marched against the Scotch, who fled across the Bann at his approach, and was splendidly entertained at Derry by Coote, who professed himself under lasting obligations to his deliverer. This unnatural alliance, which nothing but extreme necessity could justify, was not destined to last, for the English parliament rebuked Coote for treating with O'Neill, and the latter, disgusted with the hostility he experienced from those whom he had so generously benefited, resolved to break with them, and make a tender of his services to lord Ormond. During his short sojourn at Derry, O'Neill was seized with a mortal malady, occasioned, it was said, however unwat-



rantably, by poison, with which Coote caused his wine to be drugged, or, as others would have it, by a pair of poisoned russet boots, sent to him by one Plunket of Louth, and in this condition, he had to be carried in a horse-litter to Cloughouter, the residence of his brother-in-law, colonel Philip O'Reilly. O'Neill's sufferings were painful, and, despite the science of the many physicians who strove to save him, he sank gradually—"his hair and nails falling off"—and expired on the sixth of November, 1649. The bishop of Clogher never left the gallant patient's bedside during his protracted illness, but remained constantly there preparing him for the "doubtful transit," and receiving his last instructions for the maintenance of the Ulster army. Two days after the melancholy event, O'Reilly, the primate, Magennis, bishop of Down, and Heber, of Clogher, accompanied by all the kinsmen and officers of the deceased, followed his mortal remains to the Franciscan monastery of Cavan, and there committed them to a grave which from that time to the present has not had a single stone to distinguish it, and, doubtless, must remain so till the Irish people shall have learnt to worship the memory of their true heroes.\*

Being thus deprived of their general, the officers of the Ulster army resolved that no time should be lost in electing some one to fill his place, and they accordingly assembled for that purpose, at Belturbet, early in March, 1650. The meeting was held in the house of MacSweeney, bishop of Kilmore, and that prelate was named to preside on the momentous occasion. Among those present were the marquis of Antrim, sir Phelim O'Neill, Henry O'Neill, Con MacCormack O'Neill, lieutenant-general O'Farrell, Philip MacHugh O'Reilly, Heber, bishop of Clogher, the bishop of Down, and many other ecclesiastics of note. The O'Neills contended that the generalship belonged of right to them, and that it was hereditary in their family. O'Farrell, on the other hand, maintained that he, as lieutenant-general to Owen Roe, was entitled to the command; and the marquis of Antrim pressed his own claims, which

\* O'Neill's secretary has left us the "Lament," which we subjoin, and which has many points of resemblance to Davis's popular lines on the same subject:—

"I lament the death of a brave warrior, the choice champion of his Holiness Urban VIII., who requiring his repair into Ireland for the catholic war, as having pregnant testimony of his fidelity and uberant fortune in such affairs. A soldier since a boy in the only martial academy of Christendom—Flanders—never drawing his sword, unto his dying day, other than in the defence of the catholic religion, as witness Bohemia, Norway, Denmark, and now Ireland! This bulwark of holy religion and pope's Scanderberg, Don Eugenius O'Neill, severally impeded in his godly design by bad members of this said kingdom, as a tall cedar, placed on the mountain top of fame, was sensibly shaken, and overturned by the loftier blasts and thundering winds of emulation. Fortune, in his time, was favourable—the church flourished, the militia, in emulation of his virtues, warlike, the enemy weak and declining, the country plentiful. But now by his death, the enemy is grown strong and cruel; no city, fort, or town to oppose him; no church, monastery, or religious house inhabited. This is why I lament the death of so great a man, whose only name (if but like an echo uttered, and his corse in a cradle or chariot carried) would keep life and breath in the decayed affairs of Ireland. What will the poor northern people do now? Your father, ruler, general, is now no more!"—Aph. Discov., p. 131.

he grounded on the intimacy that had so long subsisted between himself and the great defunct, to whom he had rendered many signal services. The debate was protracted and stormy, and the assembly, considering the danger that was likely to ensue, by electing any of the aforesaid (even Henry, son of the deceased general, and the most deserving of all), resolved to put an end to further intrigue, by nominating Heber, bishop of Clogher, to the vacancy. As a matter of course, this selection could not please all parties, for some asserted that MacMahon was not equal to the requirements of the situation, and others, not having the fear of the consequences before their eyes, and affecting to be scandalised, did not shrink from asserting, that the combination of crook and sword was a thing which no true catholic could stomach. Withal, as there was no remedy for this seeming incongruity, they resolved to follow wheresoever the bishop would lead them, for they knew that he was the depository of Owen O'Neill's confidence, and fully cognizant of the treaty which the latter had concluded with lord Ormond just one month before his decease.

Having now assumed the command, the bishop lost no time in mustering his troops, and on being joined by detachments of Ulstermen, drafted from the garrison of Waterford, and several regiments which had seen service in Leinster and Connaught, under O'Cahan and other distinguished officers, he marched into the county Monaghan at the head of an army amounting to about 5,000 foot and 600 horse. The influence of MacMahon's name and lineage in his native province, caused multitudes of young recruits to rally round his standard, and, in the course of a few months, he had the satisfaction of seeing his available force largely increased, and well disciplined by O'Farrell, whose commission of lieutenant-general had been confirmed by the Beltrabet council. Leaving that officer in temporary command, the bishop proceeded to Loughreagh, in order to take counsel with lords Ormond and Clanricarde, and procure from them such aids as were required for carrying on the war against sir Charles Coote, Venables, and other leaders who, notwithstanding the recent murder of king Charles I. and the proclaiming of his successor, still stood out in open rebellion to royalism. Ormond received the bishop cordially, condoled with him on the death of O'Neill, in whose honour, he said, he always placed implicit trust; and after congratulating him as successor to the deceased general, confirmed the appointment with a commission of the following tenor:—

“To our Trusty and Well-beloved Bishop, *Ever MacMahon.*

“ORMOND,

“Whereas, upon the Treaty with General Owen O'Neal, deceased, it was, amongst other Particulars, concluded and agreed upon, that in case of Death or Removal of him, such other General or Commander-in-Chief, should be authorised by Commission from us, to command his Majesty's Forces of the Province of *Ulster*, Natives of the Kingdom, as should be by general consent of the Gentry of that Province elected, and made choice of for the same. And, whereas, in a general meeting lately held by the Gentry for that Purpose, it was agreed upon, and so represented unto us, that you should exercise that Command over the said Forces. We, therefore, upon the Consideration thereof, and of the Care, Judgment, Valour, and Experience in martial Affairs, as also of the readi-

ness and good Affections of you, to do his Majesty Service, have nominated and appointed, and we do hereby nominate and appoint you, the said Bishop, *Ever MacMahon*, to be General of all his Majesty's said Forces, of Horse and Foot, of the Province of *Ulster*, Natives of the Kingdom. Giving thereby unto you, the said Bishop, *Ever MacMahon*, full Power and Authority, to take the said Charge and Employment upon you, and the said Forces, and every of them, to lead and command according to the Use and Discipline of War, and such further Order and Instructions, as you shall from time to time receive from us, or other his Majesty's chief Governor or Governors of this Kingdom for the Time being, in that behalf, willing and hereby requiring all the Officers, Troopers, and Soldiers, of the said Forces, to obey you, as their General, and to be at, and perform your Commands, as they shall issue unto them upon all Occasions of his Majesty's Service, as they will answer the contrary.

"At *Loughragh*, the 1st day of April, 1650."

Having concerted with Ormond and Clanricarde the plan of the approaching campaign, and obtained from them assurance of plentiful supplies, of field-artillery, victuals, and ammunition, MacMahon returned to Monaghan, and placing himself at the head of his army, marched on Charlemont, where he and his chief officers published a manifesto, in which they invited the Scots to forget the animosities that had hitherto existed between them and the Irish, and to sink all distinctions of nation and religion for the sake of the royal interest and service.\* Many of the Scots were converted to royalism by this appeal, but the great majority of Coote's forces revolted at the idea of serving under the standard of a "popish bishop," no matter what side of the quarrel he chose to take, and therefore resolved to share the fortunes of their old leaders.

Seeing that there was no hope of detaching the Scots from Coote and Venables, the bishop resolved to attack them in detail, and, if possible, prevent the junction of their respective forces, as neither of them would have been able to fight him single-handed. With this object in view, he marched northwards along the Bann, stormed Dungiven, Ballycastle, and other places of no great importance, and, finally, crossed the Foyle, near Lifford, in order to maintain a communication, through Ballyshannon, with Connaught, whence he expected the supplies promised by Ormond and Clanricarde. This, however, proved to be a disastrous manœuvre, for it enabled Venables to send Coote, who was then encamped at Skirfolas, in the neighbourhood of Letterkenny, a reinforcement of one thousand veteran soldiers, who had seen service under Munroe, from the commencement of the Irish war. On the twenty-first of June (1650), the two armies were within an hour's march of each other; and as both were pretty equally matched, the bishop resolved to risk a battle, contrary to the advice of his most experienced officers, who insisted that he should hold a council of war, and abide by the decision of the majority. To this he submitted reluctantly, and while he and his chiefs were engaged discussing the momentous question, a woman of uncommon stature, gaunt, and dressed in white, forced her way into their midst, and quoted an old prophecy which foretold

\* This proclamation, dated Charlemont, 20th May, 1650, was subscribed by MacMahon under his episcopal title—*Emerus Clogherensis*.

that the Irish were doomed to be overthrown on the banks of the Swilly.\* MacMahon, however, paid little heed to the crazed virago, and, perhaps, less to the unanswerable arguments of Henry Roe O'Neill, who urged, that instead of engaging the enemy on broken ground, where the Irish troops could not act with precision, it would be more prudent to wait till the former should be obliged, through want of provisions, to shift their quarters, when it would be easy to fall on them, and cut them up in detail. It was also urged, that the force at the bishop's disposal had been weakened by the absence of a large body, which he detached to seize Castle Doe; but all arguments were thrown away upon him, for he was obstinate as he was rashly brave. The other officers concurred with Henry O'Neill, and besought the bishop to act on their unanimous decision, but, far from doing so, he taunted them with cowardice, and more than hinted that they were over squeamish about shedding their own or the enemy's blood. Smarting under this rebuke, the chiefs summoned their men to arms, and demanded to be led against Coote. The attack of the Irish was impetuous, but, as Henry O'Neill had foretold, the rugged and stony nature of the ground would not suffer them to act in compact masses, and, notwithstanding all their chivalry, they were taken in flank and rear by Coote's forces, who, in the course of a few hours, routed them with hideous slaughter. Eighteen captains of the O'Farrells were slain on the fatal field, and fifteen hundred of the common soldiers perished before the fire of Coote's musketeers. Henry O'Neill, and many others of his name and kindred, were captured, and brought to Derry, where Coote had them summarily executed after quarter given, and, notwithstanding the heavy ransom which was offered for their lives. It was, indeed, a disastrous battle to the Irish—ill-advised as any could have been; and the long train of calamities which followed it was altogether attributable to the egotism and phlegmatic obstinacy of the prelate, whose only qualification for such a scene was animal courage. The army of Ulster, which had been so long the mainstay of the war, was thus entirely broken up, and the Cromwellians were left at liberty to parcel out the land among their adherents, who, doubtless, could not but be grateful to the rashness of Heber MacMahon.

As for him, he contrived to make his escape from the bloody field of Letterkenny, in company with lieutenant-general O'Farrell, and some squadrons of horse, riding day and night without meat or drink, for twenty-four hours, till he and his jaded followers reached the neighbourhood of Enniskillen, where they were set upon by a detachment from the garrison. The bishop's escort offered all the resistance they could, but were soon obliged to yield to superior force, and surrender at discretion. He himself was severely wounded in this last action, and so was O'Farrell, but less fortunate than the latter (who made his escape), MacMahon was carried prisoner to Enniskillen, and there committed to the common jail, to wait Coote's final sentence.

At that period, John King (afterwards raised to the peerage by Charles

\* Aph. Discov.

the Second) was governor of Enniskillen, and, it must be told, to his honour, that he treated the captive bishop with singular humanity; for he not only visited him frequently, but was so charmed by his frank, soldier-like bearing, that he resolved, if possible, to save his life. Actuated by this generous impulse, he wrote to Coote that it would be disgraceful to trample on a fallen enemy, or shed the blood of a man whose followers were crushed and scattered, and could no longer bear arms against the parliament forces. This representation, however, was useless, for Coote replied, that MacMahon must be hanged forthwith. The despatch that brought this order enclosed the death-warrant; and on perusing that instrument, King thought he detected in it some legal informality which justified him in postponing execution till he had made a last appeal for the prisoner's life. He, accordingly, wrote again to Coote, beseeching him to revoke or commute the sentence; but all in vain, for he received an angry reply, rebuking him for remissness, and charging him to lose no time in consigning the "popish bishop" to the gallows. King was sorely grieved at being obliged to communicate this sad intelligence; and when the bishop signified that that he needed some priest to prepare him for his approaching doom, he found no difficulty in obtaining that favour. Having thus complied with his last request, King took leave of him, and rode away from Enniskillen, in order that he might not be obliged to witness the revolting death of a man whom he had learnt to esteem, and whose life he was sincerely anxious to save.\*

The close of MacMahon's career was such as might have been expected from one, a goodly portion of whose life had been divided between the church and the camp; and much as the Cromwellian troopers admired his undaunted resolution, they never were so deeply impressed by it as on that July evening when they escorted him to the ancient castle of Portora—the place appointed for his execution. Marching some paces in advance of the musketeers, his bearing was calm, dignified, and martial, so much so, that a casual wayfarer might have mistaken him for the officer in command, were it not for the presence of an ecclesiastic, with whom he conversed in tones inaudible to every one else, and a small gold crucifix that he kept constantly moving between his lips and eyes. On reaching the scaffold, he knelt and prayed in silence for a while, and then, turning to the troops who kept the ground, told them that he thanked God for having given him that opportunity of laying down his life in the cause of religion, king, and country. MacMahon's soul had scarcely gone to its account, when the executioner, in compliance with the barbarous usage of the times, flung the corpse to the ground, hacked off the head, and spiked it on the tower of Portora castle, where it remained till birds of prey, rain, storm, and time destroyed every vestige of the ghastly trophy. The mutilated trunk, however, had a happier fate, for major-general King allowed some sympathising catholics to convey it to Devenish island, where it awaits the resurrection, under the shadow of St. Laserian's oratory.

\* Lynch MS.

The foregoing memoir completes the series which was begun nine months ago, and since then has occupied a large space in the pages of this Magazine. The title under which those papers have appeared would seem to indicate that the writer had undertaken to produce biographies of the entire body of the Irish Hierarchy during the seventeenth century; but such, indeed, was not the object he had in view from the outset. The task he proposed to himself was, to throw additional light on the history of those bishops who figured most prominently in connection with the Irish confederacy, and to supply much collateral information which the perusal of rare books and *rarer manuscripts* enabled him to collect. It will be admitted, however, that while treating of those eminent prelates, who may be said to have held a foremost place in the stirring transactions already alluded to, he has not altogether overlooked their less distinguished contemporaries,\* but, on the contrary, devoted much of the space at his disposal to epitomes of their lives, and interesting episodes with which they are identified.

Far from thinking that he has exhausted the subject, the present writer is thoroughly persuaded that he has barely touched it; and that none but one gifted with true genius, and having at his command those resources which are not to be found outside Continental Archives, can treat such a theme as it deserves. The shortcomings of these papers may, therefore, it is hoped, stimulate others to do better, and give us, in detail, biographies of those truly great Irish bishops, who in their days—far more disastrous than ours—not only distinguished themselves by their own works, but took especial care to cherish those who strove to render service to native literature.

In conclusion, and, in justice to himself, the individual who offers these remarks may be allowed to state, that the little he has done in this all but untrodden field of history, involved a considerable amount of toil, patient industry, and close application to the study of manuscripts† and scarce printed volumes relating directly or indirectly to the object he had in view. His reward, however, has exceeded his expectations, for although but a nameless essayist, the public press, at home and in America, has condescended to notice his efforts with encouraging commendation, for which he here acknowledges his sense of profound and lasting gratitude.

M.

\* There is a good memoir of French, bishop of Ferns, prefixed to his works, published by Duffy, Dublin. The Life of Kirwan, bishop of Killala, by Lynch, is a work of far greater importance, full of interest, and particularly so, in relation to Cromwell's progress in Ireland; it is also published by Duffy.

† It may not be out of place to state here, that the materials (MS.) for the lives of the Irish bishops in the sixteenth century are far more abundant than those relating to their successors in the seventeenth.



## IRELAND'S PRODUCE.

To the lover of ancient remains, the round towers, the old crosses, the ruined abbeys, and other works of past times in this country present attractions of no mean character. The tourist also finds many things in the island, especially in the natural beauty of the scenery in certain localities, to repay him for the trouble of his visit. It is not our intention, however, notwithstanding the pleasure it would afford, to accompany the latter through these scenes so calculated to "delight the eye and please the fancy," or to dwell, in contemplation with the former, on those ancient memorials which speak so highly of an ancestry, of which we are justly proud. Our wish, on the contrary, would be to place ourselves in the society of a commercial man, who had come to the country to ascertain, with his own eyes, the means of progress at our disposal, and to note down the observations he might make, as he passed along, in regard to the manufacturing capabilities, and industrial resources of this, as compared with other nations. It would, however, occupy considerable time and space to allude to the several objects which would most likely engage his attention; but it may, nevertheless, be worth while to refer to a few of the most prominent circumstances, in respect to which our backwardness would excite his surprise. The first thing that would most probably strike such a person, is the favourable position of this island, in a geographical point of view, with its fine rivers and capacious harbours, for the purposes of a foreign trade, and, with these great natural advantages, he would, doubtless, be astonished to find that the imports from abroad, instead of coming direct to our shores, actually pass them by, and are afterwards forwarded to us through London or Liverpool, the original cost being loaded with several additional charges, which, as well as time, would have been saved if the vessel were at once discharged at one of our own ports. Beholding this great defect, our commercial friend must, on the other hand, admire the spirit of the few who hold themselves above the mere cross-channel trade, so injurious to the interests of this country, among whom stands a firm in this city, who have an especial claim to respect, from their being the only importers of tea from China direct. Seeing, however, our preference for manufactured sugar, he will naturally conclude that if we do not obtain this necessary in the raw state from the place in which it has been produced, the process of conversion into the manufactured article is, at least, performed at home; but in this he will also find himself mistaken, for he will in vain look here for a sugar bakery, or refinery, and will learn, on inquiry, that our wants in this respect are provided for from Liverpool or Glasgow. Again, casting his eye over the noble harbour of Queenstown, many a foreign sail will meet his gaze, destined for London, or some other port in England or Scotland; several of the vessels which he may observe will most likely be laden with breadstuffs, and seeing this, who could explain to him satisfactorily why the wheat from America, for instance, which is this year preferred to that of any other country, must first go to Liverpool before our millers can obtain the supplies of it they require.

A stranger coming to Ireland by Kingstown will be inclined to consider that the energy and genius which has provided the fastest steamers in the world, is capable of making a country great and important in every respect, and such an opinion will be strengthened on an inspection of our railways, which have paid better than those in either England or Scotland. The prosperous condition of our banks—and often public establishments will also satisfy him as to the sound principles on which our business is generally conducted—but on a further comparison of our position, in a commercial point of view, with England and other countries, he will be particularly at a loss to understand the cause of our backward condition in regard to the production of manufactured articles. It would be difficult, as well as tedious, to attempt to give a full and satisfactory explanation on this head, and we will pass over that point for the present; but it may, we think, be safely asserted, that the improvements in machinery, &c., which have taken place within the last few years, by the aid of mechanical and chemical science, will be found to have modified to a very considerable extent, certain disadvantages which had existed in regard to the financial success of manufacturing industry in Ireland.

The vast superiority of England over other countries, as a manufacturing nation, is attributable to several causes; but, perhaps, not the least is to her having been comparatively free from internal wars, by which the progress of industrial activity is always retarded. Her artisans were, in consequence, enabled to work securely, and to go on improving in their several branches, and thus was probably laid the foundation of that great trade which she now possesses. To Arkwright, the *subterranean barber*, she owes much for his inventions, but James Watt, by his great improvements in the steam-engine, placed her commercial position far beyond that of any other country, either of ancient or modern times. The genius of Watt would not, however, have effected this result for England were it not for her great mineral wealth, and her abundance of iron and coal. Her almost unlimited supply of the latter especially, has enabled her to make use of all the advantages which steam power affords, and to undersell all the other nations in the great majority of manufactured articles. If we look about us, accordingly we will find, that in those countries where the quality of fuel is comparatively deficient, the inhabitants have not attempted to compete with the British people in the production of goods, in which steam, as the motive power, can be fully employed, but have rather applied themselves, as in France and other places, to the manufacture of those costly and refined articles of commerce, on which the individual workman has frequently to exercise his individual taste, together with a considerable amount of manipulating skill. Thus, while the British producer has monopolised the foreign trade in respect to the coarser fabrics, which we can supply in abundance, in the shape of cotton goods, &c., the Continentalists have heretofore provided the world with a great quantity of the watches used, and the preference given to French gloves, silks, and cashmeres, is well known.

The difference in regard to the production of goods between England and

other countries, it will be seen, has been caused by the greater quantity of fuel in the one than in the other; but many changes have taken place since the time of Watt, and the amount of coal now used in generating a certain quantity of steam is very much under that which was required in his day. The comparative absence of coal in Cornwall led to the old wagon boiler being done away with, and to the substitution of a better one, by which a saving of fuel was effected; and the necessity for further economising the latter, especially in regard to steam boats, has resulted in improvements in both furnace and boiler, by which the heating power has been increased in a most material degree. The subject of still further reducing the quantity of coal required for a given amount of steam continues to occupy the attention of scientific men, from the very great benefits to be derived from additional improvements in this direction; and it is to be hoped that the investigations of Mr. Charles Wye Williams, and others who have their minds engaged on this point, will have a favourable result. It is worthy of remark in this place to observe, that any saving of coal in the working of the steam-engine lessens the distinction between Great Britain and other countries in manufacturing capabilities; and as the French are importing heavy supplies of coal, which they have been enabled to do under the terms of the new commercial treaty, it is not unlikely that they will extend their trade, by establishing several branches of industry, which have been previously almost confined to the United Kingdom. But to this country the cheapening of steam power, or any improvements for diminishing the quantity of coal or turf in the production of manufactured articles, will be extremely beneficial, and a high authority speaking in regard to the advantage over us in this respect enjoyed in certain parts in Great Britain has observed, that "everything which diminishes the quantity of fuel diminishes the amount of this advantage, and hence removes the greatest difficulty felt in the financial success of industry in Ireland." Several years have elapsed from the time this forcible remark was made, and we are happy to say that the disadvantage on our side has since much diminished, as evidenced by the large increase in the number of steam-mills in Dublin and elsewhere.

The disappearance of our calico printing trade, and the decline in the woollen business has, no doubt, been attributed to many causes; but it is somewhat remarkable that these and several other branches, in which steam-power is largely employed across the channel, have not for many years past prospered in Ireland; while the manufacture of tabinets, silks, &c., which have not required the aid of the steam-engine, has succeeded admirably; and an eminent firm in Dublin have recently given an impetus to the latter trade, which is likely to promote its extension in a most satisfactory manner. It need hardly be said that Irish tabinets are known in every court in Europe for their beauty and finish; and it is pleasing to reflect, when thinking of the discouraging state of our trade generally, that in one branch, at least, we have not yet found our masters; and this circumstance affords a reasonable ground for entertaining the hope that the Lyons manufacturer may hereafter find us a dangerous competitor in the

production of these elegant silken and other fabrics, with which he deluges the British market.

It will be also found that, like the French, we are large exporters of boots and shoes, and that we resemble that nation more than the British in the nature of the articles heretofore manufactured by us; and one of our principal objects, therefore, should be to compete as far as possible with the Continentalists. With our linens we are happily able to push a trade amongst them; but why, let us ask, can we not make those beautiful cashmeres for our fair countrywomen which the French supply, and for the making of which they purchase such large quantities of our Irish wool, which is found to be peculiarly adapted for the production of this elegant fabric? It is true that the machinery required for this purpose cannot be provided excepting at considerable cost, but expense should be only a secondary consideration, as no manufacturing enterprise can succeed amongst us, unless we be provided with the most perfect machines used, and keep pace with our neighbours in procuring the latest inventions, in order to prevent any advantage on their side. In agricultural pursuits, where the necessity is in no wise so great, the benefits to be gained by having the most approved implements are well understood, and our Irish farmers and graziers are enabled, by the various shows and exhibitions and by other means, to acquaint themselves with the exact progress of improvement in their particular branches, and to avail themselves of any new machine for lessening labor, and increasing the profits of their business; the interests of agriculture are likewise promoted in Ireland by a number of journals specially devoted to the subject: but trade may be said to receive little or no encouragement, although the elevation and future prosperity of the country will chiefly depend on its progress and success in manufacturing industry, without which, moreover, some of the most valuable of our resources will ever remain undeveloped.

A glance at the statements of our imports and exports, will give a very good idea of the state of our trade; and it will be seen therefrom, that while the latter are composed principally of the various kind of agricultural produce, the imports comprise almost every description of manufactured article consumed in Ireland. Allusion has been already made to the conversion of Irish wool into French cashmeres, but many other articles, likewise, could be mentioned which are obtained from this country in the raw state, and subsequently sent back to us in a condition for using when necessary, having in the meanwhile given employment to the foreign artisan, whose skill and industry has been rewarded with the money which should have found its way into the pockets of our own countrymen.

In reflecting on the backward condition of our trade, however, it is gratifying to find the progress, which has taken place in reference to agriculture from the improved modes of husbandry which have been adopted, the most modern mechanical appliances, together with the most recent discoveries in chemical science as regards soils, being now employed in the advancement of this, the almost general industrial pursuit of the Irish people; but although the beneficial effects produced by a model farm are very great, and

that it may be looked upon, in some circles, as more ornamental to the landscape than a mill would be, yet the advantages connected with the one, would bear no comparison with those which the other would confer; for besides the employment which would be given in the particular locality in which a few of the latter might be erected, the property in the neighbourhood would be raised in value far beyond that which it would ever attain as a purely agricultural district. The cases are numerous, particularly on the other side of the channel, in which it could be shown that such a result has been produced by the establishment of the manufactory; and it would be well for the interests of Ireland, if the educated and wealthier classes, whose efforts have been so successful in regard to the progress of the country, in an agricultural point of view, would turn some of their attention to the encouragement and promotion of native manufacture; and they would probably find that their endeavours in this respect, besides being no less laudable, would produce fruits of at least equal value to those which have resulted from their skilful labours in the service of agriculture.

Any movement, however, for the development of the trade of Ireland would most likely be slow in the commencement, as no branch of industry would be extended until proper experience were first had of its working and financial success; and the country will, most probably, have for a long period to depend wholly on individual enterprise. It may happen in time, however, that the cotton-mill will be erected, and the number of flax-mills be increased, through the combined capital of our land owners and traders, when such an undertaking will be looked upon as profitable, and as affording a safe and satisfactory security for the investment of money; and some ground for this supposition is afforded by the fact, that the balance sheets of the cotton factories in Lancashire and Yorkshire show profits varying from 25 to as high a range as 50 per cent., and that, at the present moment, the "Nuneaton Cottin Spinning and Weaving Company" is being established by a large number of manufacturers and others, the capital, £100,000, being proposed to be raised in 10,000 shares of £10 each; it being expected, from the neighbourhood and population which can be brought into active working, that the dividend to be secured will prove satisfactory. It may be objected, however, that the difference between the price of coal in this country and England would so operate as to completely prevent the establishment of factories in Ireland, but we have already alluded to the great saving in fuel which has been effected in the working of the steam-engine, which has in a great measure diminished any disadvantage which we laboured under in this respect; and it will be found also that the value of steam-coal at Manchester is very little, at the present time, under what is paid for that article in this country. Moreover, it is well known that the cost of the fuel necessary for providing the motive power has never formed more than a very small portion of the entire expense of production; and, perhaps, the only real obstacles to the establishment of manufactories in Ireland is, first, the difficulty of competing with such old and extensive manufacturing markets as those in England, such as Leeds, Manchester, etc.; and, next, of finding, as in these places, a

number of skilled hands at all times available, in order that the mill-owner would not be obliged to keep his mill at full work—when not profitable to do so—for the mere purpose of keeping his workmen together. To these obstacles is most probably attributable the comparative failure of the manufacture of cotton goods in Liverpool; but to whatever circumstances it may be owing, the question of fuel has certainly nothing to do with it. For coal is as cheap there as at Manchester or Leeds, and stocks of cotton are, besides, always on the spot, whereas, in other cases, the cost of the carriage of the raw cotton from Liverpool helps to swell the amount of the debit side of the account.

The working of machinery by steam-power is beginning to be more favored in Ireland, and, under certain circumstances, it is found most advantageous. In several parts of the country the horse-mill in the farm-yard has already given way to the steam-engine; and, in Dublin, several saw and planing-mills have been recently erected, which are worked, solely, by the same power. A flour-mill, too, was erected a few years ago, by an eminent firm in the same city, and has continued to work most successfully, and the number of the latter has since increased by two or three, all of which are now in full operation. These mills have been erected, generally, close to the water's edge, and the cost of fuel has been most probably counterbalanced by the saving of the expense which would have been incurred in regard to carriage, were water-power employed instead. In the case of flour-mills, for example, it is estimated that to grind wheat by steam-power costs about sixpence per barrel more than if that operation were performed by the aid of water; but against this must be placed the expense of the carriage of the wheat to the mill, and of the flour from it, and if the distance be any way great, this latter expense will most likely outweigh the advantage supposed to be gained by the cheapness of water, as compared with steam-power. Again, a strong instance of the preference for the latter power is afforded in regard to two of the Dublin steam flour-mills, both of which are worked by Scotch gentleman of high commercial character, and who possess great practical ability besides. These parties lately carried on business together as millers, their mill, five or six miles from Dublin, having been driven by water-power; but having subsequently dissolved partnership, one of the partners purchased the Ringsend Dock Mill, and the other branch of the firm built the steam-mill at the canal, on the north side of the Liffey. These facts speak for themselves, and it will not be necessary to dwell further upon them. It may not, however, be unsuitable to remark, that the advantage of selecting a convenient position for a mill or manufactory, which steam affords, is a very considerable one; and the manufacturer is enabled, in addition, to carry on operations during the entire, or for any portion of the twenty-four hours, as occasion may require, while with water-power the work must be regulated by the weather, and is, in consequence, frequently irregular; and should the season, moreover, turn out very dry, the workmen are obliged to be paid, though not fully employed, in order that they may be kept from going elsewhere. In regard to the supposed comparative cheapness of the latter power, too, it must be



recollected that the owner of the mill-gate will require a fair consideration in the shape of rent or otherwise, for the advantage, or that if the waters be obtained from either of the canals, the full value must be paid for it.

It may be, perhaps, said that in the above instances steam may be found useful, but that in a cotton or other manufacturing mill similar benefits would not be produced; but we have already endeavoured to show that any want of similar success in the latter case would not be likely to arise on the score of the expense of fuel; and the factories at Belfast, Dublin, and in other parts of Ireland, prove that the various operations requisite for the production of manufactured articles can be carried on profitably in this country by the aid of steam-power, as in England. Originally, too, locomotive engines for our railways, were entirely supplied from England or Scotland, but a Drogheda firm has since competed most successfully in this respect with both Manchester and Glasgow, in the engines made for the Midland Railway Company; and the Great Southern and Western Railway Company have, from almost the commencement, constructed, at Inchicore, the magnificent locomotives used by them; and a visit to the works, beside the pleasure it will afford, will show that almost all the operations in the factory are performed by means of steam, including the forging of the iron by Nasmyth's famous steam-hammer.

In making the above observations it has been our wish to show that, from an alteration in certain circumstances, it is not unlikely that steam power will be now more generally used in Ireland than heretofore; and this change will work most beneficially for the interests of the country. It may be asserted, however, that we have water-power, which is cheaper, in sufficient abundance, and that this ought to meet all our requirements; but the individual who would express such an opinion, could not prove satisfactorily that any country, who would depend upon the latter power alone, could ever compete successfully, to any great extent, with Great Britain, the commercial greatness of which nation is, perhaps, mainly owing to her having been able to use effectually the gigantic power which steam has provided. The water-power of Ireland is, no doubt, great; but years must elapse before the greater portion of it can be brought into active employment, and it will not do for us to stand still while most other countries are progressing. In some branches of business our operatives have proved what can be done at home, and our silk trade, for instance, stands as securely—though it is not so extensive—as that of Lyons; while the Coventry weavers have had to yield in despair to the overpowering competition of the manufacturers of St. Etienne. The French, also, according to Mr. Newdegate, have grasped a great part of the export trade in silk goods to the United States and the colonies, which once was England's, and the trade of England in this respect, he states, remains paralysed. This statement is, possibly, somewhat over the actual facts of the case; but there is sufficient to show, that the French have, by perseverance and by devotion to a particular branch of industry, proved themselves superior to the English producer in regard to the above manufacture. The fact, too, suggests to us in a forcible manner the paramount object of cultivating, to the fullest extent, those

branches which have been preserved to us, and this can best be done by supplying the skilful artisan with the most perfect machines and other requisites suited to his trade, without which, satisfactory progress can never be made. In woollens, for instance, our trade, to a great extent, comprises the production of the coarser kinds of cloth; and it is well known that the manufacturers in the shotty districts of England are enabled, by the aid of superior machinery, to finish off their fabrics, made from old rags, &c., in such a manner as to gain for their goods, by their better appearance, a preference over the really valuable articles made in Ireland.

It has been our object in what we have just written to endeavour to awaken the interest of our readers to the opening prospect for the improvement and extension of native manufacture, but the limits which we have prescribed for ourselves would be exceeded were we to refer to our coal and iron fields, or to our mines and other sources of wealth as yet undeveloped. On some future occasion, however, we may be afforded the opportunity of further discussing the means at our disposal for the elevation of our native land.

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### MELBOURNE HOTELS.

UPON hotels, and taverns, and inns, a volume could be written—a stout, respectable, middle-aged looking volume, bound in calf, and set in large type; a book whose every page would sparkle with records of wit and laughter, of merrymaking, and high jinks; whose every chapter would smack of repartee and canary, of hot punch and erudition; whose whole spirit from beginning to end, would be that of fun and jollity, smart sayings and brilliant bon mots; whose whole contents would be a resurrection of mirth and pleasantry, of quaint fancies and jolly quips. For, would it not tell us of those roaring times in the sand-floored parlour of the Mermaid, or the Boar in Eastcheap, when rare Ben Jonson and Will Shakespeare played at jousts of wit and learning, and Masters Beaumont, and Fletcher, and Seldon, and Cotton, sat around sipping their canary, and urging on the friendly antagonists with their laughter and applause; while, mayhap, the landlord and the drawer stood by in open-mouthed wonderment? Would it not relate to us of those roystering fellows, Dick Steele, and Phillips, and Carey, and Davenant, with, perchance, gentle and refined Addison in the chair—of how Addison got fuddled, and drunken Dick Steele hiccupped defiance to the Mowhawks in the choicest Latin? Should we not be told, too, of the Mitre suppers, when Reynolds, and Garrick, and Burke, and elegant Beauclerk, and Noll Goldsmith, with Boswell and the great Samuel Johnson, drank punch and argued on all matters from metaphysics down to the rearing of turkeys. Would we not, through its pages, sit in the parlour of the “Old Salutation,” and listen in reverent admiration to golden-tongued Coleridge, and laugh at the stuttered wit of Charles Lamb; or perchance share in the enthusiasm of Hazlitt; or the poetical fancies of

Southey. A volume! too, could be written, full of merry information and quaint thoughts, bristling with jolly tales and rare old jests. Then, across the channel, too, should we not see, in imagination, Racine strut into the salon of the Mouton Blanc or La Tête Noir, and we should hear witty Chappelle wheedling the drawer at the Pomme de Pin out of a flask of burgundy. We should be told of those jolly monks, of whom the proverb said—"The Capuchians drink sparingly, the Celestins copiously, the Jacobins cup for cup, and the Cordeliers empty the cellar," creeping in by the side door of La Table Roland, or La Riche Laboureur to crack a bottle. We should taste in imagination those wondrous meats of which Father Bonaventure said, sighing regretfully, when asked about the pleasures of Paris:—"Eh, but those roasts are a stupendous thing;" we should luxuriate in the ragoûts of those great men, Lesage, Carême, and Mignet; and coming down to the present degenerate days, we should read of "Le Dernier Cabaret," kept by La Mere Saguët, (the Madame Gregoire of Beranger's song) in the Rue de Moulin de Beure, where sculptor David and journalist Theirs and Gavarni, Tony Johannot, Dumas, Romieu, and a host of the "diamonds" of Parisian literary and artistic society kept revelry. The last cabaret—ah me! those jolly times are a thing of the past, and nought suits us now but the hotel. The hotel, forsooth! We hate the word, as we detest academy, and establishment, and emporium, and such like "genteel" terms. It is un-English, and snobbish, and suggestive of paint and pier-glasses, of impudent servants and long bills, of discomfort and extortion, of indigestion and misery. We think, when we hear it, of those vast palaces of marble in Philadelphia, and Boston, and New York, with accommodation for two thousand lodgers, with reception rooms, and lavatories, and smoking-rooms, and drawing-rooms, and cloak-rooms, and audience-rooms, and the deuce knows what else; with clerks and barbers; with statues and pictures by the old masters; the landlord of which is a colonel in the United States army, a scholar, and a gentleman; where you can ruin yourself at billiards or rouge-et-noir; where you may live a miserable human item of some 1500, eating, drinking, swearing, spitting, tobacco smoking, and tobacco chewing citizens of the free and enlightened United States, for some four dollars per day; yes, sir-ee, and no bunkum. We think, we say of these "head-quarters of prog," as Bob Fudge has it; these habitations of roving Sybarites; these caravanserais of eating and drinking; these factories of feeding; these fast, go-ahead, hurry-scurry, cosmopolitan clubs—the great hotels. We don't like 'em. We don't like places like Long's, or Mivart's, or the Great Western of Picadilly, in London, or the Astor House, of New York, where there are sure to be staying a Bohemian prince and a Timbuctoo noble, a Spanish duchess, and a Japanese ambassador, or some such abomination. We don't like your fast hotels, either, where the lodgers come in at unholy hours, and consume no end of soda-water and brandy in the morning; but we do like those quiet, respectable, gentlemanly old inns which are only to be found in London, and no where else; which are found, too, in quiet, out of the way localities; which have a pleasant private residence appearance; the room floors of which are

thickly carpeted, and the passages laid down in shining oilcloth, and where a dinner is served in proper English style, in a cosy and comfortable room; where the waiters know their business, don't skip about like other waiters, and have bald heads and gray whiskers; the landlord of which is a widower with a finely developed stomach, and ruddy cheeks, and who has a daughter Kate or Lizzie, who keeps the books, these are the inns which we do like. And it is a noticeable fact, that the chief customers at these hotels are bishops and rich old ladies; deans, too, from provincial towns, and country squires, with, mayhap, a sprinkling of judges occasionally. You will get none of your French wines here—nought but rare old '38 port and sherry; and you sleep in a feather bed, sir, such as no imagination, however fervid, can conceive—buried, absolutely buried, in the most delicious and luxurious couch in the world, you sleep the sleep of the blessed. Real comfort at these places, and no spurious imitation; and if you don't see looking glasses, and pillars, and elaborately carved gas fittings, and all the trickery and trash of your modern hotel, you have the quiet, and comfort, and attention of a real English inn. It was of these that Johnson spoke, when he said: "There is no private house in which people can enjoy themselves so well as at a capital inn. No, sir, there is nothing that has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn;" and Shenstone thought of such like hostels when he wrote—

"Who e'er has travelled earth's dull round,  
Where'er his stages may have been,  
May sigh to think he still has found  
His warmest welcome at an inn."

And I say, spite of all the flummery and glare of continental and transatlantic hotels, your English inn is still the most comfortable and cosy. There are some decent inns, too, in Germany, in the pleasant Rhine land—quaint, old-world looking places, with latticed windows, and grape vines creeping up to the very gables of the house, where there is a Fraulein Gretchen, with flaxen hair and blue eyes, who can cook a supper and quote Schiller with equal excellence; where there is no unseemly roystering, but all dissipation is conducted with a commendable gravity and quiet, and customers get drunk, and fall asleep, without saying one word more than, mayhap, "Ach Gott;" where the landlord is a jolly fellow, with a merry eye and a red nose, who has some wondrous wine in long-necked bottles, packed at the uttermost end of the cellar; where awful suppers are eaten, and dreadful nightmares contracted; where, in short, a man may pass a dreamy, pleasant, lazy month very satisfactorily, reading Jean Paul Richter, flirting with Gretchen, drinking Rhenish, and establishing the basis of dyspepsia for the remainder of his natural life. But, as a rule, continental inns are poor affairs, and the best of them compares unfavourably with a really substantial English hostelry. As for Spain and Portugal, the inns in those blessed countries of black eyes and fine days, are best described as a composition of garlic and fleas, dirt and aquadiente. The Dutch have some idea of

comfortable inns, and are scrupulously clean in their households, however lax in that respect in regard to their persons, and the hotel d'Angleterre, at Rotterdam, is about as snug and cosy an inn as one might wish to stay at; but the English, with all their mismanagement, and in spite of the opinion of poor Albert Smith and Mr. Augustus Sala, have by far the best hosteleries in the world. Who that has been in sunny Devonshire does not remember those pretty little inns, with thatched roof and quaint ivy-covered porch, the windows almost hidden behind the profusion of honeysuckle and jasmine; the neat parlour with its sand sprinkled floor, and walls decorated with queer impossible prints of the Holy Family and Abraham and Isaac; with the large pike that was caught in the stream hard by, stuffed and displayed in a glass case on the sideboard; with the rustic display of old china, and the silver tea urn, the heir-loom of the family; those pleasant inns where you hear all the simple country gossip; where you sleep in sheets scented with lavender and sweet briar, and where you have trout—fresh caught—new laid eggs, home-baked bread, cream that is cream, and strawberries fit for a Cleopatra for your breakfast—who that has ever partaken of the simple pleasures of these rustic inns, will ever forget them, and deny that England alone offers the like.

But if in England we find the snuggest, cosiest, most comfortable and best conducted inns in the world, it cannot be said that the hotel-keepers in Australia have kept up the reputation of their brethren at home. Australian hotels are modelled too much upon the American type to carry out the English notions of that comfort and those home like attributes, which should be the distinguishing attraction of an inn. Too much attention is paid to the bar trade, and too little to the other arrangements in the management of our colonial hotels, to render them by any means a desirable place of abode. In the city proper of Melbourne we have no less than 239 licensed hotels, and of these it is safe to say that more than thirty or forty are really anything more than mere tap-rooms. The eternal nobbler is the ruling feature of hotel keeping in Victoria, and whether it be a pint of colonial in an obscure public, or a cocktail at the Albion, the bar trade of Melbourne hotels is the chief reliance of the landlord; and this is one reason that so few of our Melbourne hosteleries are comfortable and pleasant places at which to put up. True, we have some hotels in Melbourne, that, considering the youth as yet of the colony, are in point of accommodation and size, marvels—Scott's hotel, the Port Philip Club, the Criterion, the Albion, Bignell's, and several others are worthy in every respect of our city—and these chief hotels are, moreover, managed admirably; but the majority are anything but tempting places of abode. You miss the clean, well furnished chamber with its patriarchal four post bedstead, its thick carpet, its cosy curtains, its general air of invitation to rest, of the inns at home; and you find substituted an ill-ventilated room, with a truckle bed, a broken pitcher probaby, for a washing jug; two or three cane-bottomed chairs covered with dust, and a small piece of tattered carpet some four feet by two, nailed carefully in the centre of the floor; and for further accommodation you have a diminutive towel, a small piece of

Windsor soap, and a brush and comb in the last stage of decay. In all probability the window won't open, and you consequently have to breathe an atmosphere of dust and mustiness during the night; then you will be sure to be visited by several patriarchal mosquitoes, who have been bred and born on the establishment—fellows who go to work skilfully and systematically, and who so improve the opportunity that you rise in the morning with a face like the lid of a pepper-box. You are lucky also if you are not visited by some jolly old cockroaches or beetles, or a few playful rats, not to speak of other pleasant specimens of animated nature. You pay 2s. 6d. in all probability for this, and having breakfast in the morning either take that meal in solitary grandeur, and feast on tough chops, doubtful steaks, eggs that are not new laid, and toast that is sodden; or, being of a social turn, you sit down to the table with the landlord, who presides in a free and easy manner in his shirt sleeves and unshaven chin. Your attendant is most likely an insolent, dirty-sleeved scamp, smelling of gin and bitters, who has no scruple in handling your viands with his dirty paws, and carries in the milk jug with his thumb in the milk. You nowhere in Melbourne, but in the first-class hotels—see that smart, airy gentleman—the London waiter—with his white napkin flung across his arm, his pumps, his “Yes, sir—chops, sir—yes, sir—coming, sir.” We have few of these inimitable fellows amongst us, and we have either to put up with the fast young barman, who mixes American drinks with the tumblers in the air, and always makes a mistake in the change, or with a half boots, half hostler lout, who smells of the stables and bad tobacco, and asks you to “shout.”

You have no comfort; no privacy. You must either nobblerise continually, or be voted and considered a nuisance; and a residence in a second-class hotel in Melbourne is replete with annoyances and discomfort. Certainly if you take up your temporary abode in one of the few first-class establishments of the city, you have nothing to complain of with regard to attention and comfort; but it is not everyone that has the means to pay for that attention and comfort, which may be thus obtained. These luxuries, however, should be procurable also, considering the general high charges in the second-class inn. Then the landlord: why are not Melbourne landlords stout and jolly-looking? Why are they thin and miserable-looking creatures, who put up for aldermen, and make fools of themselves in council? Why have we not the jovial, corpulent, white-aproned, bald-headed old gentlemen of London inns? Alas! innkeeping in Melbourne is a failure, and we sigh in vain for the George and the Marquis of Granby, and all those dear old hostleries, the memory of which is so precious to the Londoner.

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